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USSR Report

POLITICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL AFFAIRS

No. 1038

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INTERNATIONAL

CARTER'S POLICY OF CONFRONTATION

Kiev POD ZNAMENEM LENINIZMA in Russian No 5, Mar 80 pp 68-72

[Article by G. Tsvetkov, doctor of historical sciences and professor: "A Dangerous Turn in U.S. Policy"]

[Text] The international situation on the threshold of the Eighties has become noticeably more complicated, dangerous and contradictary. L. I. Brezhnev said in his address to the voters of the Baumanskiy election district: "It has become obvious that the present leadership of the United States is following a policy of undermining the relaxation of tensions and aggravating the international situation. It is trying to dictate its will to the socialist states and other countries."

The ruling circles of the United States have made a sharp turn in their foreign policy, and in trying to enkindle a second "cold war" they are on a dangerous and slippery path. By their irresponsible actions and claims to world domination they have inflicted a blow on the relaxation of tensions and on cooperation between peoples. In messages to the U. S. Congress and his speech "On the State of the Nation" on 23 January of this year, J. Carter rather clearly demonstrated disrespect for very important international treaties, having stated the idea of the need to strengthen the arms race, follow a policy of confrontation with the Soviet Union, and enlarge the "military presence" of the United States in various areas of the planet.

This "Carter Doctrine" expresses the hegemonistic and dictatorial strivings of American imperialism and is an attempt to openly blackmail and threaten the USSR and a yearning to legitimize the "right" of the United States to interfere in the internal affairs of independent states.

Where does the reason for the change in U.S. policy lie? First of all, it is the result of increasing pressure on the Carter government from the military-industrial complex and all those who make a profit from the arms race and the policy of aggravating the international situation. Although a large number of companies (20,000 contractors and 100,000 subcontractors and suppliers) participate in military production, the major portion of

state military orders fall to a few gigantic corporations (Lockheed, General Dynamics, MacDonald-Douglas, etc.). Their representatives--lobbyists in congress and numerous "hawks" among political and military circles -- are bitterly attacking the relaxation of tensions, promoting a false slogan of "prosperity through arms", and demanding a frontal build-up of U.S. military might.

One of the examples of this pressure is the book "Bol'shaya Strategiya na 80-ye gody" [A Grand Strategy for the Eighties] which is causing a sensation in the United States. Its authors, the well known "hawks" -- Generals B. Palmer, M. Taylor, B. Holloway and T. Milton and Admiral E. Zumwalt, demand that Washington follow a "from a position of strength" policy by building up its nuclear potential, expanding its network of military bases and alliances, increasing weapons deliveries and "secret operations" in other countries, and using China as "another front" in preparing for a war against the USSR. They openly call the Soviet Union "the main obstacle on the path to achieving America's goals" and call for the use of military force to punish developing countries who refuse to supply the United States with raw materials.

Reactionary organizations like the ones consisting of the anti-Soviets on the "Committee on the Existing Danger" (a former deputy secretary of defense, P. Nitze, is especially active), the "Coalition for Peace Through Strength" which is supported by about 200 members of Congress, and more than a hundred organizations of "hawks" and zionists, exerted a lot of influence on the formulation of the "Carter Doctrine." In particular, trying very hard to intimidate the populace with the imaginary "Soviet military threat," P. Nitze endlessly repeats that the USSR supposedly will inflict a nuclear strike on the United States first and that this will be in July 1985. Retired General Hackett has "predicted" the start of this "strike" on Sunday, 4 August 1985 and is hysterically calling on the White House to prepare for a "counterstrike". It is typical that such calls have been openly encouraged by the leading circles of the United States.

This turn in the policy of the Carter administration also occurred because of the administrations desire to justify the global claims of American imperialism in the international arena -- especially as its opportunities to appear in the role of international policeman have been sharply curtailed under the relaxation of tensions. The powerful peoples' national liberation movement has rendered null and void the predatory intentions of American monopolists in Indochina, Nicaragua, Iran, Afghanistan, and other independent states in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

The world position of the United States in the economic area has also weakened considerably. Based on the export of goods, the United States now occupies second place in the capitalist world after the FRG and has had a continuous deficit in foreign trade since 1971. This has increased from 5.9 billion dollars in 1976 to almost 30 billion dollars in 1979. The gold content of the American dollar has decreased almost two-fold during the Carter presidency.

One of the reasons for the sharp turn in U.S. policy was also the "crisis of confidence" in the president himself. In actuality, his administration has not fulfilled one of his 612 pre-election promises. Inflation, which Carter called the "No. 1 enemy", has reached unheard of dimensions. In 1979 alone retail prices gave a jump of almost 14 percent with an average growth in wages of only 3 percent. The government has not been able to halt the growth in unemployment which has reached seven million people and is continuing to increase, to solve the energy crisis problem, etc. The Harris public opinion poll has reported that whereas in 1977, 75 percent of those polled expressed trust in Carter, in November 1979, it was only 22 percent. They have begun to talk openly about the president's incompetency in the area of domestic policy and his inability to conduct foreign policy.

During the pre-election campaign which has begun (the elections for president will be held on 4 November 1980), Carter is heating up militarism and anti-Sovietism in the country and is intimidating Americans with a non-existent "Soviet threat", demonstrating "firmness" and "decisiveness" in this, in order to distract the populace's attention from unsolved domestic problems. He, thereby hopes to increase his chances for re-election. Carter's ambitions and personal interests have proved to be stronger than the state wisdom of a president and the genuine national interests of the country. Under cover of an anti-Soviet and anti-Afghan slanderous campaign, his government has returned to the methods of his many predecessors -- it has armed itself with the doctrine of imperialist aggression.

An unprecedented arms race lies at the basis of the "Carter Doctrine." As L. I. Brezhnev has pointed out: "Militarism was always an integral feature of imperialism. However, today it has truly reached unprecedented dimensions." The United States has expended more than 2.2 trillion dollars on military needs during the 35 years since the Second World War. Within this total is the largest military budget of the present government: beginning in October 1980, 141.2 billion dollars have been requested and beginning in October 1981-- 161.8 billion dollars.

Carter's pre-election promise in 1976 to aim his activity at "concentrating his efforts on strengthening pleace and lowering the volume of the arms trade" turned out to be a very genuine slight-of-hand. Six months after moving into the White House (July 1977) Memorandum No. 10 ("An Analysis of Military Strategy and the Condition of the Armed Forces of the United States"), in which a policy was defined for the country's militarization, was worked out under the direction of fierce anti-Soviets and anticommunists-- Z. Brzezinski, the president's national security assistant, and Professor S. Huntington. In August 1977, Carter himself set forth the basis of his military program in the secret Directive No. 18 and in May 1978-- in the "Memorandum to Cabinet Members" in which he openly advocated a sharp increase in military expenditures, a build-up in strategic nuclear forces, a "hard line" and "linkage" in policy, the creation of mobile armed forces for reacting in "extreme circumstances," and an increase in the so-called "human rights" propaganda in foreign policy.

For the last two years these militaristic tendencies have been embodied in NATO Council decisions which are aimed at an automatic increase in the military budgets of its members and the deployment of about 600 American cruise missiles and Pershing-2 missiles on the territory of a number of Western European states. At the same time, the United States is devoting an enormous sum to the creation of a "new generation" of chemical weapons, the MX intercontinental missile, and the B-1 bomber; and to the creation of cruise missiles, new Trident nuclear submarines, neutron bombs, nerve gases, and other systems of mass destruction.

It is typical that 2.5-fold more resources have been earmarked in the U.S. budget for the current year to the arms race than to health care, and almost 10-fold more than to education. The B-1 bombers alone will require three million tons of the best fuel a year, that is, three-fold more than all the country's urban buses use in a year. The cost of the Trident nuclear submarine will cost the American taxpayer a sum for which it would be possible to build 416 schools. With the resources spent on the production of one C-5 A transport aircraft it would be possible to feed 12,000 families with four members each for a year, and it would be possible to construct 90,000 three-room apartments instead of one aircraft carrier. This testifies somewhat about how useful it would be to do this for many deprived Americans if the ruling circles of the United States were not stirring up an arms race.

However, the Carter administration does not worry about the problems of the working people. Its activity is aimed at encouraging in every way possible the monopolies who are becoming rich from the ruthless exploitation of the workers. It is sufficient to say that the monopolists' profits which were 44 billion dollars in 1970, reached 145 billion dollars in 1979. This is pure profit received after deducting taxes and other payments, including six-figure sums for the salaries of company and corporation directors.

Reflecting the interests of the large military-industrial complex, the Carter government is also trying to satisfy its militaristic yearnings for world domination. How otherwise is it possible to assess the fact that now there are more than 500,000 American soldiers and officers stationed -- as if they were at home -- in 114 countries of the world. Of these, there are 330,000 in Western Europe (including 234,300 in the FRG), 49,500 in Japan, 41,600 in South Korea, 18,000 in the Philippines, etc.

All this testifies to how cynical was Carter's statement in June 1979 when the SALT-2 treaty was signed: "The nuclear arms race ... directly leads to catastrophe. This unchecked rivalry puts our fate and our future in doubt, insults our intelligence and threatens the existence of mankind." These words are now not only forgotten in the White House, but they do not want to remember them. As is known, the discussion of the ratification of the SALT-2 treaty in the Senate has been postponed for an indefinite time. In return Congress approved without any complications a five-year military program aimed at a further arms race. As is obvious, sabre-rattling and militaristic tendencies again predominate in Washington's diplomatic activity.

As a result of the fundamental changes in the ratio of forces in the world arena and the positive changes for the better in international relations, the United States was forced during the Seventies to halt the heating up of the "cold war" and agree to relaxing tensions. During this time, about 150-Soviet-American bilateral treaties and agreements, which as L. I. Brezhnev has pointed out "have laid a solid political and legal foundation for the development of mutually advantageous cooperation between the USSR and the United States based on the principles of peaceful coexistence", have been concluded.

However, in blocking the efforts of the majority of states to lessen the military danger, the ruling circles of the United States have applied the brakes to the relaxation process and are on the path to an open confrontation with the Soviet Union.

In his half-hour speech on 23 January of this year which was mentioned above, J. Carter plastered the USSR 31 times with false and provocatory attacks up to and including threats to resort to "military force. In doing this, he even threatened to "make" the Soviet Union pay a "dear price" for its highly principled policy aimed at strengthening the peace and security of peoples.

In violation of the treaty obligations adopted by the United States, including those on which there is Carter's signature, Washington has taken a number of openly hostile steps in relation to the USSR. First of all, the ratification of the most important document of the present day -- the SALT -2 treaty whose implementation would open the way to a halt in the insane arms race -- has been frozen.

It is now understandable why the Carter administration has also hindered the development of trade and economic relations with the USSR from the very beginning of its activity. Discriminatory customs tariffs have been imposed on Soviet goods. These artificially increase their cost by 30-40 percent. As a result, Soviet exports to the United States decreased to 253.1 million rubles in 1978 and to 179.2 million rubles for the first nine months of 1979. Carter's promise to grant the Soviet Union a most favored nation status in trade turned out to be simple demagoguery.

In addition, the White House has hindered in very way possible the delivery of industrial equipment to the Soviet Union. Brzezinski and others like him personally dictated to the secretary of commerce a list of goods authorized for sale to the USSR. They have not allowed American firms to sign contracts for delivery to the USSR of equipment for 28 large construction projects totalling up to 10 billion dollars. The White House has imposed a ban on the export of technical equipment sets for eight Soviet plants and the delivery of electronic computers for TASS, the Kamskiy Automobile Plant, and the Cheboksarskiy Tractor Plant.

Impetuously heating up anti-Sovietism and expounding "the firm intention to punish the Russians for Afghanistan," Carter in effect imposed an embargo in January of this year on all trade with the Soviet Union. These short-sighted actions of the U.S. ruling circles, including the ban on further exports of grain to the USSR (in 1978, about 11 million tons of corn and 3.3 million tons of wheat were bought by the Soviet Union in the United States), evoked indignation in the country. In this regard, the statement of the American Farm Bureau Federation president, A. Grant, who stressed that by his actions "Carter had taken aim at the Russians with a double-barrelled shotgun, pulled the trigger and hit the American farmers", is typical.

Based on information in the local press, Carter's anti-Soviet embargo "primarily hit Americans like a boomerang." It deprived the Western Electric corporation of Soviet orders totalling almost a billion dollars, the Armco Company lost 350 million, General Electric -- 40 million, and Occidental Petroleum -- 900 million. It is natural that these companies will curtail production against their will and thousands of their workers and employees will become unemployed.

Concerning the Soviet Union -- as former White House adviser M. Bundy states-- it will give its industrial orders to Japan, the FRG, France and other states. Carter's cynical action will not at all affect the food situation in the USSR. As L. I. Brezhnev has said: "The plans for supplying the Soviet people with bread and baked goods will not be decreased by a single kilogram." According to the reports of the Central Statistical Directorate, the USSR has sufficient state grain resources (with an overall bad grain harvest in 1979, our country produced 90.1 million tons of wheat at a time when the United States was producing 60 million tons). In addition, several countries (Argentina, Brazil, and others) have expressed approval to sell the Soviet Union the needed amount of corn.

The delay by Carter in the delivery of industrial equipment and grain only emphasizes the unreliability of the United States as a trading partner. In connection with this, the Soviet government is reviewing the list and volume of orders for American firms. There is no doubt that more advantageous and reliable partners will be found.

In heating up tensions in relations with the Soviet Union, the Carter government has revoked permission for a number of Soviet scientists and artistic collectives (for example, the Krasnoyarskiy State Dance Ensemble of Siberia) to come to the United States and in essence has banned the showing of Soviet artistic films in the country. Carter is even trying to organize a boycott of the Olympic Games in Moscow; however, he is encountering sharp condemnation and vigorous protest from world and American public opinion.

Closely connected with the anti-Soviet actions, terrorist acts and dirty provocations against Soviet citizens are becoming more frequent in the United States. Bombs have been exploded in New York near the USSR, Ukrainian SSR and Belorussian SSR missions to the UN and Aeroflot offices; local

services are refusing to service Aeroflot aircraft at the New York international airport. Dozens of secret microphones and other listening devices, installed by the American spy services, have been found in the automobiles of Soviet diplomats, in the buildings of the USSR trade mission and general consulate, in the living complex of the USSR embassy, and even in its suburban settlement in Washington. This system of electronic espionage was set up, it turns out, in accordance with President Carter's directives dated 24 January 1978. All this is being done against the background of the U.S. administrations demagogic discourses on protecting the rights of man! It is no accident that even the bourgeois NEW YORK TIMES in criticizing "Carter's tactic of cold war against the USSR" posed the question: "Are actions like these a display of state wisdom?"

The doctrine of militant great power hegemonism is the core of the U.S. ruling circles' foreign policy. Carter openly stated the claim of the United States to "the leading role in the world" and its intention to dictate its will to any state in those regions of the planet which Washington recognizes as a zone of "vital American interest." It has been a long time since the cult of force has been demonstrated in the United States so grossly and unceremoniously as it is now. Carter stated in Congress: "We must pay any price -- whatever is required -- to remain the most powerful country in the world."

The old aggressive essence is in this -- if one may call it so -- "new doctrine." It is no accident that the Pentagon is hurriedly forming a 150,000 -man"rapid reaction corps" -- a distinctive "fire fighting team" for intervening in any region of the earth with a special fleet of floating naval bases, military transport aircraft, mobile artillery, etc. An operational group for directing this "corps" has already been created at the Fort MacDill base in Florida, and it has been created by no means to put out but rather to enkindle centers of military conflicts and to suppress the peoples' wars of national liberation.

The Carter government is preparing especially energetically a "punitive operation" against Iran. Ever newer and newer aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers and amphibious ships; hundreds of fighter aircraft, bombers and heavy helicopters; numerous contingents of Marines; and supplies of weapons are being concentrated in the Arabian Sea. Flagrantly blackmailing Iran and threatening to mine the Persian Gulf and bomb the Iranian oil-fields, Washington is trying to subject a sovereign state to its will. In doing this, it is enkindling to the extreme a chauvinistic psychosis in the United States, relying on the support of the most reactionary circles. It is no accident that, following Carter, former President R. Nixon cynically stated: "Why should we not invade Iran and remove those who are in power there?" They are already openly discussing the "collapse of Iran" in the White House.

Using the conflict with Iran as a pretext, the White House wants to create a continuous U. S. military presence in the region of the Near East and the Indian Ocean basin. The U. S. military base on the illegally occupied

island of Diego Garcia is being unprecendently strengthened; and new military naval bases and airfields are being sought in Oman, Somalia, Kenya, Egypt, and Turkey. Bands of anti-Afghan terrorists are being quickly armed on the territory of Pakistan.

A special place in this militaristic intoxication and the Carter government's adventurist plans has been allotted to China with whose leaders Washington quickly found a common language on the shameful basis of anti-Sovietism and disregard for the fate of other peoples.

The danger of the present shift to hegemonism in the foreign policy of the United States is also contained in the fact that the White House is returning to "power methods" and is preparing "to punish" and "teach" peoples in different regions of the world. American militarists are not only rattling their sabres near Iran and Afghanistan. The headquarters of a combined Caribbean "quick reaction force" has been created in Key West, and discussions are taking place with a number of Latin American countries about the creation of combined "peace-keeping forces" for preventing new revolutions in the Western hemisphere. Feverish preparations of air and sea assault forces are taking place at the Barstow (California) base. Almost 2,500 U. S. military bases have been brought to military readiness.

A program and operations of great power hegemonism and gross violations of generally recognized norms of international relations are present.

Such a sharp shift in the foreign policy line of the United States rightfully cannot fail to alarm all international society, including America itself. That, which former Senator Fulbright called U. S. "self-sufficiency of forces" is today exerting a dangerous destabilizing influence on the entire international situation and is blocking the efforts of the majority of people to lessen the military danger and strengthen peace.

American Professor G. Parsons has called the actions of the White House a "reflection of the bankruptcy of American foreign policy", and Senator E. Kennedy defined them as a "hasty and rash act of desperation" by Carter who "dashes from crises to crises."

L. I. Brezhnev has pointed out: "The unilateral measures taken by the United States are equivalent to serious errors in policy. Like a boomerang they will strike those who started them not today but tomorrow".

A president, who promises "guns instead of butter" and tries to push his country onto the dangerous and slippery path of military adventures, cannot enjoy the trust of his people. Today, all the working people of the world, including Americans, expect from Washington a sober-minded policy, aimed at preserving and strengthening peace and security on earth and at protecting the sovereignty and national integrity of states.

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INTERNATIONAL

U.S. POLICY MAY WRECK PROSPECTS FOR SALT-III

Moscow NOVOSTI DAILY REVIEW in English 13 May 80 pp 1-3

[Article by Spartak Baglov, political commentator for APN]

[Text] Soviet foreign minister Andrei Gromyko and the new U.S. Secretary of State, Edmund Muskie, are to meet in Vienna 11 months after that memorable summit meeting in the Austrian capital when the SALT-II treaty was signed.

The summit meeting in Vienna was expected to produce a fresh pulse for the creation of a safer world and broader mutual understanding between the two great powers in the interest of peace and disarmament. Now, all of a sudden, the United States has embarked on a policy of destruction, not creation. Instead of respecting the choice made by other nations, of which President Kennedy told his fellow-countrymen 17 years ago in his major policy speech in the American University in June 1963, the speech which was destined to be his political testament, the current team in the White House has begun with unprecedented zeal to use pressure and intimidation, build up armaments and demonstrate strength in all parts of the world.

On the eve of the Vienna summit the Soviet people were optimistic about Washington's ability to pursue a realistic policy, whereas now that the Soviet foreign minister is about to leave Moscow for Vienna, the Soviet public is seething with anger and indignation. Their state is a manifestation of their solidarity with the people of Cuba, Afghanistan and Iran and the Palestinians. Just a few days ago the United States staged an unprecedented militarist provocation against Cuba by conducting near its shores maneuvers of its newly-formed Caribbean naval and air task force. I think that not only the Soviet people realise that the militarist action is intended not only for Cuba but also for Salvador, Nicaragua and other Latin American nations fighting for freedom.

It would be appropriate to recall this episode here. When did the U.S. hawks begin their offensive on the SALT-II treaty and other agreements reached in Vienna? They began it with the clamorous campaign about an alleged threat posed by "a Soviet combat brigade" in Cuba last September.

Unfortunately, Cuba was not the only thorn in Washington's side: Afghanistan, as was the case with Ethiopia and Angola, stirred up passions in the United States only because the events in that country--the April 1978 revolution and Soviet aid for that revolution--did not develop the way the White House wanted them to. And when Washington's scenario 26 years long proved a flop in Iran (the CIA was involved in the overthrow of the Mussadeq government in Iran in 1953 and the United States gave all possible aid and support to the shah's regime in that country), an uncontrollable reaction produced an explosion in the American halls of power. It was a reaction from the forces whose "vital interests" were harmed, from monopolies and banks which thought that everything they laid their hands on was theirs, to politicians and generals who claimed for the right to "maintain order" in all parts of the world. That reaction produced an atmosphere of chauvinism in which the hawks and the doves found themselves in the same camp.

The military-industrial complex is crowing victory, carrying out the policy from strength by adopting ever new weapons systems, including the plan it imposed on Western Europe for the deployment of new nuclear missiles there which upset the current balance of forces and may wreck the SALT-II and prospects for a SALT-III treaty. Doing everything to get himself reelected for a new term, the head of executive power in the United States obviously heeds the advice of a seasoned but reckless anticommunist rather than observes the principles of diplomatic wisdom.

All this led up to the resignation of Cyrus Vance, a man who sought to avert the mistakes made by the previous administrations, particularly that of President Johnson who escalated the war in Vietnam to curry favor with the generals.

The new Secretary of State is to come to Vienna at a time when his country is waging a series of "undeclared wars" by means of weapons and also political blackmail.

What had led the American policy into a blind alley? It would be the biggest mistake for the leaders of any country, including America's allies, to subscribe to the view, convenient for Washington, that the root cause of the current troubles is the fate of the 53 hostages in Iran or Soviet aid to Afghanistan. There are more profound reasons that brought about the current situation. Had there been no Afghanistan there would have been something else. The causes are rooted in the nerve centre of U.S. politics. There has long been a need for the Americans to recognise the world of the revolutionary epoch the way it is and this need is constantly counter-attacked, deformed and distorted. And now it is being destroyed before our own eyes by the forces of revenge. We can witness open disrespect for the right of all nations to decide their own destiny themselves and the inability to recognise equality with anyone in the world. We are witness to what George Kennan called the inability to recover from the national and economic narcomania of the arms race.

It is pointless to guess what proposals Edmund Muskie will make in Vienna and what analysis he has made. I think that one thing is certain: he knows well that Washington's inconsistent policy has caused the United States to back out of its agreements with the Soviet Union several times in the past four years, as was the case with the first draft of the SALT-II treaty in May 1977, the Soviet-American joint statement on the Middle East in October 1977, and the Soviet-U.S. negotiations on the reduction of military activity in the Indian Ocean. In so doing, the United States did not hesitate to destroy the fabric of cooperation between the two countries in all fields. Economic relations between the Soviet Union and the United States have been thrown several decades back. Many humanitarian contacts have been disrupted and the United States is now brandishing a big stick over the Olympic movement in a bid to put the iron curtain wherever it likes and punish everyone who would not accede to its demands.

Edmund Muskie also must be well aware of the fact that the importance of the SALT-II treaty signed by our two countries transcends the interests of the Soviet Union and the United States. It is a document that affects the interests of the world at large. Consequently, it is the United States that has put the fate of the treaty into balance that must now clarify its position on the matter. The same applies to some broader problems of detente.

For all the differences in the interpretation of the situation between Moscow and Washington, the U.S. administration should entertain no illusions on one thing. It is futile to influence the Soviet stand by escalating the policy from strength. Experience shows that such attempts have never produced the desired result. The Soviet Union is prepared to accept any initiative aimed at promoting detente, not destroying it, at curbing the arms race, not escalating it, and at ensuring mutual understanding between nations, not alienating them.

CSO: 1812

USSR LANDBRIDGE TO IRAN ADVERTISED

Moscow MOSCOW NEWS in English No 13, 6-13 Apr 80 p 8

[Advertisement]

[Text] Far East-Iran via Caucasus

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FREIGHT TRAFFIC FROM USSR TO IRAN CONTINUES

Moscow MOSCOW NEWS in English No 15, 20-27 Apr 80 p 9

[Article by Igor Troyanovsky]

[Text] The heavy refrigerator trucks slowly roll onto the bridge spanning the Astara River and, reaching the middle of it, cross the Soviet-Iranian border. Astara, a town in Azerbaijan, has become an important transit centre for haulage transport from Europe to Iran.

Cargo for Iran--butter, cheese, baby foods, construction materials, chemicals, paper, and other consumer goods--is pouring into the country from the FRG, France, Great Britain, Belgium, Denmark, the Netherlands, Switzerland and other states.

This volume of freight traffic will dramatically increase in the very near future, for construction of one of the biggest transshipment bases in the USSR has been completed in Astara. A base of about the same capacity is now being built on the Iranian side.

Transit through the USSR acquires a vital importance for Iran due to Washington's threats to set up an economic blockade. Cargo is also carried on the railway that goes into Iran through the Azerbaijanian town of Dzhulfa.

In spite of the quite obvious attempts of certain quarters in the West to upset the USSR-Iran relations, trade and economic contacts between our two countries continue to develop. The USSR delivers to Iran the goods it needs and electric power. The hydropower project on the Araks River is run by both countries, as before, and joint work is now afoot on designing the Khudoferinsky hydropower project, as I was told by Dmitry Dubinin, project's chief engineer, at the Baku branch of the Gidroproekt Hydropower Design Institute.

The USSR strives to develop Soviet-Iranian relations on principles of good-neighbourliness and lends support to Iran in its struggle against foreign intervention and for genuine national independence.

This is a principled stand. Immediately after the 1979 October Revolution in Russia, the Soviet Government declared that it had scrapped the secret treaties on the partitioning of Persia and Turkey. Moscow repudiated the concessions and payments that were coming in from Iran. The first equal treaty in the relations between the neighbour states, which laid the foundations for mutually beneficial cooperation was signed in February 1921.

The entire atmosphere in Astara reveals the total lack of ground for the reports by certain mass media organs in the West about "tensions" on the Soviet-Iranian border. It is not possible to see anything that is not there, and I failed to see any sign of "tensions." Neither did I see any troops apart from the usual frontier guard units.

Life in the town is exactly as it should be in a district capital in Transcaucasia.

Every Friday, from the minaret of the Astara mosque, a muezzin traditionally calls on the believers to attend divine services.

Astara-Moscow

CSO: 1812

NATIONAL

LITERARY CRITICS URGED TO FIGHT OPPONENTS OF COMMUNIST IDEOLOGY

Moscow LITERATURNAYA GAZETA in Russian 13 Feb 80 p 2

[Literator article: "The Responsibility of Criticism"]

[Text] It is no doubt quite natural at the beginning of a year to look back on the year just past to compare new happenings with those that occurred and to reflect together on problems attracting public attention. It is for this reason that in examining in our January "LITERATURNAYA GAZETA Diary" the question of literary journals' participation in the education of the creative new generation, we went beyond the traditional scope of a monthly journal and attempted to determine how the principles formulated in the decree of the CPSU Central Committee "On Work with Creative Youth" are realized in everyday journal practice, and how 1979 was distinguished in this sense.

Today in speaking of the literary criticism sections of central monthlies, we intend to base our selves not just on fresh January publications, but also on those articles, surveys and commentaries that appeared last year. There is evidently no need of specially emphasizing that our commentary on journal cristicism will inevitably be incomplete. First, many characteristic acievements and lapses of contemporary journal criticism have already had attention devoted to them in LITERATURNAYA GAZETA articles over the course of the year--we shall use as an example the journal commentaries "A Down-to-Earth Hero of Our Literature" (No 13), "On the Past for the Future" (No 27), "August Mosaic" (No 38), "Criticism: Willfulness and Originality" (No 49). And second, and this perhaps is most important, even a cursory acquaintanceship with annual sets of central monthlies shows the immenseness of the field in which contemporary "moveable esthetics" ["dvizhushchayasya estetika"] deploys its forces in our time. As was correctly noted in the 12th issue of the journal VOPROSY LITERATURY, which particularly dealt with problems of literary criticism, "...intense work is going on in many sectors of our many-branched critical sphere. It would be useful, we believe, to concentrate on the most significant key factors that are commensurable with the real state of affairs in journal criticism with the living practice of the all-union literary process and with the extensive, precise and very forward looking program of action outlined in the famous decree of the CPSU Central Committee "On Literary Criticism."

On the pages of literary and literary-criticism publications we would mention here first the journals ZNAMYA, NOVYY MIR, VOPROSY LITERATURY, LITERATURNOYE OBOZRENIYE. Attention is being increasingly drawn to the publications of materials under the headings of "On the Fronts of Ideological Struggle," "Ideology, Esthetics, Culture," where an objective, substantive discussion is on progress on the tendencies and destinies of bourgeois culture and a qualified rebuff is given to the falsifiers of the literature of socialist realism, the general incompatibility is shown of progressive, life-affirming art with the naturalist and modernism, apolitical "mass culture." In this connection, review departments of journals deserve attention. Here could be pointed out NASH SOVREMENNIK, MOSKVA, NOVYY MIR, MOLODAYA GVARDIYA, ZNAMYA--where books are analyzed that deal with topical social-political problems of contemporaneity, the reactionary nature of Maoism and Zionism are exposed and the real class nature of revisionist "theories" of artistic creativity is exposed.

It has been emphasized more than once in party documents and decisions of congresses of the USSR Writers Union that our historical rightness must be proved not only through refutation of false inventions and tendentious "conceptions," but also by means of such a powerful tool of "positive" criticism as assertion of the world importance of Soviet literature and the entire art of socialist realism. The possibilities of a purposeful, well-planned work of journal criticism along this direction are still far from exhausted, although undoubtedly much has already been and is being done here.

The meaning of the ideological and creative heritage of Gor'kiy and Mayakovskiy in the present battle for the minds and hearts of people is dealt with in a number of publications of the journal ZNAMYA, which has been systematically examining the theoretical and methodological aspects of the contemporary literary process. "The Historical Strength of Leninist Methodology" is the title of V. Novikov (No 8) gave his article discussing the lasting importance of Lenin's theory of two cultures and on the accelerated development of previously backward countries and cultures in the epoch of socialism. There should be noted in this connection the substantive comments of N. Shamota on the national traits of literature in "At the Sources of an Eternal Theme" (Nos 1,2, 1980), where the author, analyzing the outstanding examples of multinational poetry and prose of the seventies, convincingly asserts the idea of the civic calling and international duty of Soviet literature.

The journal VOPROSY LITERATURY strives for an examination of the latest occurrences and tendencies in the historical context of multinational Soviet art while taking into consideration the patterns of worldwide artistic developments. We could mention here articles by L. Yakimenko (No 5), V. Ozerov (No 7) and Yu. Andreyev (No 9), materials of an international discussion "Literary Criticism and the Artistic Culture of Socialism" (No 12). Other journals are also looking for their own unique turn in the discussion on the acute question of the humanist spirit of socialist art, on the down-to-earth hero of our times, on problems of national traits and party spirit.

Nonetheless, while noting certain successes, it should be acknowledged that the theoretical and methodological positions of Soviet literature are still considered on occasion apart from the latest happenings in poetry, prose, journalism, playwriting, with the emphasis being placed only on well-known examples of the literature of socialist realism. It also happens that the positions and criteria developed by Marxist-Leninist esthetic thought are not always considered in specific selections of recent books and journal articles, which leads either to indiscriminate exaggeration in ideological artistic assessments or to no less indiscriminate ignoring of certain marked tendencies in the field of verbal art.

Today, in an epoch of an acutely exacerbated ideological struggle, in an epoch of face-to-face confrontation of two ways of life--socialist and capitalist--a real artist, continuing the great traditions of classical literature, finds especially alien the position of the detached observer who does not take an active part in the battle for affirmation of the ideals of peace and social progress. Extremely responsible in this sense is the role of literary criticism, which has for its objective the disclosure of the true nature of the false doctrine of "de-ideologization" and proving of the illusory attempts to stand "above the fray" and called upon to direct writers to embody socialist reality in their art and to create an image of the Soviet man, cultivated in new socialist developments and inheriting all that is valuable from the cultural and moral experience of the past.

Analysis of the literature of the seventies in light of the experience of Russian prerevolutionary and Soviet classics, undertaken in particular by V. Gusev (NOVYY MIR, No 10), serves to convince that today's masters of the word worthily continue the best and outstanding traditions of classical art. Comparison of what has been achieved in literature in our days with the extremely rich heritage of the past permits us to see more exactly the perspectives of the eighties unfurling before us and to understand the sources of undoubted successes and difficulties still to be overcome. For this reason we can only regret that central journals, which rightfully allocate much space to discussions of the classical heritage and classical traditions, still do not often publish articles tracing the living life of literary traditions, where what is being created today would be evaluated from the point of view of the heights of achievement of human genius.

Such a discussion, such a perspective of what literary criticism sees presupposes as a necessary condition a profound knowledge of the methodological bases of Marxist-Leninist esthetics, able application of the principles and criteria of social class analysis and evaluation and confident orientation in the complex problems of our social existence.

In the social-political and literary press, it has been pointed out repeatedly that in certain publications, especially those connected with the jubilee dates of the history of Russian literature, there is a desire to draw a veil over real philosophical contradictions in the heritage of the great masters of the word, to substitute sentimental moralistic rhetoric for

concrete, social-historical analysis. The logic of social-political and literary struggle is inevitably unbent and simplified, while the creative conditions of artist are seemingly "freed" of their real and frequently dramatic complexity.

The need for strict adherence to the principles of a concretely historical approach to the manifestations of literature and the literary process has again been raised in articles by F. Kuznetsov "Eternally Living Behests" and by Yu. Surovtsev "Polemic Marginalia..," published in the December issue of the journal VOPROSY LITERATURY. Thus, Yu. Surovtsev, discussing in particular articles by T. Glushkova and I. Kiz'michev, appearing last year in the pages of the journals LITERATURNOYE OBOZRENIYE and LITERATURNAYA UCHEBA, convincingly shows that the serious methodological miscalculations of these authors are connected with neglect of Lenin's teaching of two cultures to be found in every national culture, with attempts at extra-historical and extrasocial interpretation of such responsible sociological and esthetic categories as national character, traditions, continuity and spirituality. The call of critics F. Kuznetsov and Yu. Surovtsev is logical and timely for ideological literary critical judgements, for a sharply expressed from the social point of view examination of the key problems of life and literature and for a comprehensive study and continuation of the traditions of journalistic criticism, actively influencing the consciousness of readers.

The aforesaid articles in the journal VOPROSY LITERATURY are noteworthy also because their authors with a directness and exactingness, which alas are not frequently found in our literary periodicals, directed attention to truly "painful" spots in present literature study and criticism. It is namely such a principled, businesslike approach to the solution of urgent problems that the decree of the CPSU Central Committee "On Further Improving Ideological and Political Educational Work" would have us adopt; it states: "The still existing fear of openly putting up for discussion current problems of our social life, the tendency to smooth over and bypass unsolved problems, acute problems and to remain silent concerning defects and difficulties existing in real life are incompatible with the tasks that the party sets before ideological-educational work."

In looking over annual sets of central literary and literary critical monthlies, you notice that this instruction has a direct relationship to the practice of journal criticism. The pages of journals rather rarely contain pointed rejoinders, polemic comments and satirical literary articles, castigating hack fiction writers, speaking impartially of the works of writers who are hopeless, gray or otherwise inaccurate in their ideological artistic accents, disclosing real conflicts and contradictions in the contemporary literature process. At the level of current reviewing, there is still felt an infamous "complimentariness," traditionally concealed in hurried "formal reply" phrases enunciated at the last moment to the effect, as they say, that not everything in a reviewed work is of equal value, that the author has not quite succeeded here and there, and so on--this occasionally being said even without equivocation.

We shall restrict ourselves to just one example--one, incidentally, which is quite revealing. Here O. Chugay (ZNAMYA, No 9), in reviewing the latest collection of a contemporary and truly talented poetess, begins by saying that hers is "...a happy poetical lot: Not many present-day poets are able to appear before readers with such integrity as she." The reader is confused, he would like to know why other poets failed to appear with "such integrity." But the reviewer continues his narration, piling praise upon praise--now finding in his beloved author "traits of the kind of poet to whom we turn today with tenderness and kindness..," now asserting that seemingly "all shades of love... are to be found in the palette of the collection; carried away to "intuitive" heights. "The poetess is characterized by an intuitive and infallible judgment of human relations with roots going into the depth of centuries..." In keeping with the reviewer's immoderate praise, a conclusion is made, forcing me to doubt for a moment the greatness of Pushkin and Blok: "Only in our time is it possible for a poet to feel each moment so palpitatingly and to transmit this knowledge to the empathic reader."!

Yes indeed, our unknown poetess (through no fault of her own!) in no wise can benefit from such praise even if she should be so inclined and actually, as the reviewer asserts, she "...is at the zenith of being, at the highest point of life's field of view."!

It would be fitting to recall here that in pointing out the necessity of blocking the way to superficial, complimentary articles and reviews, the decree of the CPSU Central Committee "On Literary Criticism" warned at the same time against the danger of a biased, subjective evaluation of this or that artist or work. We found it necessary to speak of this in connection with N. Katayev's article "Not a Sacred Well," devoted to a recent work of NARODOV (No 9), as a basis for discussion, next to an able and exact article by Ye. Knipovich "With a Lofty and Cold Love," which with principled straightforwardness reveals both the strong and weak sides of V. Katayev's latest books.

The quality of discussion, it would seem, makes up for a great deal: fervor of tone, polemic pointedness, direct appeals to the reader and so on. True, a great deal, but no argumentiveness, no vehemence gives a critic the right to overstep the line between a critical discussion of literature, no matter how severe it might be, and a bill of indictment. In trying to prove that Katayev's prose of recent years has been distinguished by "contempt for other artistic values and by a capriciously hypertrophied attention toward himself..," N. Krymova overstepped this line. It is namely due to this reason that talk of merits and defects of a concrete work is reduced to an unfriendly discussion of the author's personality, one which naturally has not avoided improper attacks on the writer.

It cannot be denied: a critic has the right to his own opinion concerning this or that literary work, especially since the interpretation of certain historical literary facts in V. Katayev's book "My Diamond Crown" can actually provide both disagreemnt and valid objections. But the professional merit of a critic consists in the fact that while proving his rightness and

convincing readers of it, he, as they say, does not go on to the personality and thus does not lower himself to denunciatory intonations.

While speaking of journal criticism in our monthly "LITERATURNAYA GAZETA Diary," we have repeatedly noted a manifestly pronounced gravitation toward a comprehensive and detailed elucidation of topical creative problems and individual works attracting public attention. There appear on the pages of almost all literary publications materials of editorial "round tables" and discussions, stenographic reports of writers' meeting and readers' conferences. The journals VOPROSY LITERATURY, LITERATURNOYE OBOZRENIYE, DRUZHBA NARODOV and LITERATURNAYA UCHEBA in issue after issue conduct discussions where writers, critics, scholars and occasionally--unfortunately, only occasionally--readers actively take part in arguments about new creative additions to the multinational Soviet literature, problems of literary translations or unresolved questions of philological science. Such arguments and discussions are conducted in the great majority of cases thoughtfully and effectively, influencing actively the contemporary literary process and contributing to the elucidation of questions that are both vital and disputable. Still the impression is occasionally created that such materials are meant, in the opinion of editorial personnel, to make up for the lack of qualified, detailed surveys of contemporary prose and poetry, a lack which both people of letters and readers feel.

It is difficult to say to what extent all these questionnaires, "round tables" and discussions fill a breach obvious to all in the present system of critical literary journal genres. We think that the possibilities of the survey genre have far from fully been exploited. Still it is gratifying to note that at the present time an intensive process is going on on journal pages in the search for new rubrics, new genre forms, new means of discussion with a broad readers' audience. This search is undoubtedly promising, as it should result in the creation of a many-sided, full and objective picture of the contemporary literary process. One would wish, however, for the personnel of critical literary departments not to restrict their range of vision solely to "their own" publication, but to respond more daringly, widely and effectively to interesting publications in other monthlies, taking into account in their practice the experience of comrades of the criticism "shop" and, of course, readers' opinion. Let the voice of the readers--the chief addressee of our articles, commentaries and reviews--constantly sound from the tribune of central literary and literary-criticism monthlies.

In completing our present "LITERATURNAYA GAZETA Diary," we emphasize once more the outstanding importance of the struggle of literary criticism with all that interferes with the advancing movement of socialist literature and art. "Shop" hermetism, a snobbist attitude toward sharply expressed social character, the attempt to rehabilitate reactionary figures and reactionary tendencies in the culture of the past, forgetfulness of the principles of Marxist-Leninist analysis of the phenomena of life and literature are especially intolerable in our time--a time of irreconcileable confrontation of two ideologies, two ways of life. From positions of realized historical method, upholding the gains of socialist culture, effectively participating

In the forming of an advanced viewpoint in Soviet people, blocking off the way to any attempts to drag in ideologically alien to us spirit and views, contemporary literary criticism will make a worthy contribution to the struggle common to the party and the people for affirmation of communist ideals.

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CSO: 1800

UZBEK WRITER VIEWS AFGHAN REVOLUTION

Tashkent SHARQ YULDUZI in Uzbek No 10, 1979 signed to press 17 Sep 79 pp 61-138

[Novel by Mirmuhsin, chief editor of Sharq Yulduzi, "The Woman in the Chador"]

[Excerpts] Chapter I: Awakening [pp 61-67]

Muhammad Amin Sidqi waited for dusk and went out into the street. He walked alongside the Labidarya bazaar, cut through the Baghiumum and Jaddai Mayvand quarters and, once inside them, went down narrow twisting streets. He picked himself up a little and quickened his steps. From time to time, he looked at the watch on his arm under one of the lamps burning dimly on their posts. He walked quickly along the sidewalk laid down on the side of the street out of boulders and stones, said hello to the old men who were sitting on their shins on the thresholds reciting their evening prayers, and moved aside in order not to run into the playing children. Hurrying, he moved so as not to draw people's attention, that is, without looking from side to side or arousing suspicion about himself. Once every month, on a Wednesday, he came to the Chardehi and Khushkhalkhan quarters at the time of the last evening prayer. On this occasion, it is a Monday and he has come two hours earlier than usual.

Muhammad Amin Sidqi is a dark, thin young man in his thirties. Like other young Afghan men he has a smooth moustache that becomes him and his eyes burn like the eyes of the Indians. He frequently goes about in the clothes of a "junior officer." Nowadays, all Afghans wear baggy trousers, cover themselves with a cloak, and wrap a yellowish cloth around their heads. He had to meet with Ustaz--the Master--today, and so, anxious over that, he continued on his way. Muhammad Amin had come home from work, held his newborn baby for a moment, fondled it, and then rocked it in its hammock. They ate at once the food brought in by Madina. Usually, he repeated the saying that a man who eats quickly also works quickly. Nor did he break his habit this time. Throwing an eye at the watch on his wrist from time to time, he saw that the time was approaching.

He had passed through the big streets and entered the old quarters. Now he will meet with the leader of his party which is conducting secret activities. With the passing of the years, Muhammad Amin Sidqi had taught himself to be cautious; he trained himself to walk as though carefree and cool. But emotions would beat in his heart like the powerful twists and turns and strong currents at the bottoms of rivers whose surfaces ripple and flow quietly. Such emotions, together with his coming conversation with the Master, the information that would be given him, and the drawing up of a new plan of extremely secret action, were the reasons for his being watchful for spies who would appear in unexpected places like huge water snakes. Muhammad Amin Sidqi knew well that the bloodthirsty spies would suddenly appear everywhere like hungry ghosts, their daggers sharp [...like Kamak Kayyani?]. They had fallen on the track of the secret organization Vish zalmiyon--League of Awakening Youth. For this reason, the Master had called for constant vigilence against the spies of General Taher, minister of security. Muhammad Amin Sidqi came into the Chardehi quarter. In this quarter lived foreigners, water carriers, and bankrupt shopkeepers. These homes had been built up the sides of a few solitary mountains toward the other side of the Kabul River on the outskirts of the city because there was no room. From a distance, these mountains look like beehives. As soon as Sidqi came to the rather ugly door, he took off his dark glasses and put them away. He looked around and when he could see no one but a few children in the street, he entered the courtyard without knocking. Then the Master, who sat waiting for Muhammad Amin Sidqi, greeted him from the terrace. Closing the book he had been reading on the table, he stook up and exchanged hellos with Muhammad Amin. As usual, they went into the inner house. After a while, Muhammad Amin went outside with the Master. The conversation had been very short. Sidqi walked down the narrow street for a while, turned into another street off the crossroads, and without turning back the way he came, reached Khushkhalkhan where he came out on the broad and beautiful Nadirshah Street. The whole of it was brightly lit. The Bazari Shab on the right side of the Kabul River was extremely crowded as usual. He bought two packages of tea and a tin of coffee from the Indian shopkeeper he knew and headed home. Every time that members of the League of Awakening Youth gathered beside the Master, they left one by one when they split up after the meeting and, if possible, entered the Bazari Shab by each taking a different road. Babrak Shinvari, the smallest and at the same time most active member of the organization, had got this idea and, when he told it to the Master, the latter had approved the precaution. The others had also seen him pat Babrak on the back. Muhammad Amin returned home and sat talking for a time with his wife, Madina. He gazed at the baby lying quietly asleep in the hammock. Besides the tea and coffee he brought home, he showed Madina the halva [...with the crescent on paper?]. His wife liked the halva of Samarkand which is mixed with nuts and seeds. He talked to Madina about his meeting with this Master, about the man being a true child of the Afghan people, but he kept silent about the assignments he had received. Recently, one of Madina's tribesmen had seen Sidqi at a late hour in the secluded Chardehi quarter. After it had reached the ear of Madina, Sidqi told her, so that misunderstandings might not appear in his wife's mind, that the Master and his respected teachers were "real teachers who had studied in

school." The person was great whether or not he held any sort of position of responsibility, and one must not forget one's own teachers who taught one in youth. Sidqi emphasized that the teacher was a dear man, like a father to him. Recently, Madina sensed in her husband's talk an indifference toward the elevated names of the great figures of the country which, when she heard them, jarred her. Such a disposition for a military person--a "junior officer"--seemed highly unusual to her. Before, they used to demean her by calling her "cotton girl" and "kitten whose eyes have not opened." Together with her father she had moved to the city. Later, after she was freed from the claws of Imam Ruhilla and was considered to be a person, she became interested in talk about the world and listened to what her husband said. She began to put aside reciting the Koran. Because her mind was sharp and as firm as if it had been baked in a kettle, Madina was able to get to know herself quickly and did not lose her human dignity. Muhammad Amin Sidqi was proud not only because he was able to pull Madina out of her darkness, but also because her mental capacity was brightening and growing. As for Madina, she felt in her heart the humaneness of her husband and was glad that it was reaching inside her. When she thought of her days of misery in the household of Imam Ruhilla, she struggled to forget this terrible name completely. She would think of the jokes of her husband. Muhammad Amin Sidqi would often repeat one of the stories of Molla Nasriddin: The Afandi was making pilaf for his wife. The hungry Afandi hurried so they could eat. His wife stopped her husband for a moment and said: "Say 'If God wishes.'" However, the impatient Afandi said: "I will eat if God wishes. I will eat if God doesn't wish." But, just at that moment, while he was straining the pilaf, someone knocked on the door. The gendarmes entered and carried the Afandi away without his feet touching the ground. (Apparently, it was on more urgent business than eating pilaf.) The Afandi returned home at midnight and knocked loudly on the gate. From inside the house, his wife asked: "Who are you?" The Afandi answered: "I am your husband, if God wishes." Madina had laughed and laughed when she heard this story. Knowing her husband had a mine of such stories, Madina liked Muhammad Amin to tell them at times of happy moods. Today, Muhammad Amin came home happy but did not tell a story. But he did not keep secret from his wife that he had gone to the Chardehi quarter and had called upon the respected Master because Muhammad Amin trusted his wife who, for her part, knew that he was "the world of her existence, her most dear and respected one, her trusted man, her mountain of support, this husband of hers." Sometimes, he talked openly to Madina about his emotions of joy or the troubles which clawed at his heart. He told Madina about his meeting with a wonderful man named Hafizulla, a teacher, in the home of the Master, about how this sympathetic man explained to Muhammad Amin that he should call him "comrade" not "sir," and how this man had earned the trust of the Master.

Muhammad Amin was very pleased with his meeting with the Master; when he came away from him, the cares which always pressed down on his shoulders heavily as a milestone, would disappear and he would feel light. A meeting with the smiling, thoughtful Master, who could sense the words in his heart, would lift his spirit and light up the dark roads before him. This time, the Master had presented Muhammad Amin with the book Bango Musofiriy--Bango, the Visitor.

Muhammad Amin pressed it to his chest and, at home, showed it to Madina. The illiterate Madina took the book in hand, kissed it three times, and touched it to her forehead three times. "May God always make that man's body and soul healthy. May there always be health and happiness for people like us. May we live long and watch over the happiness of the little children..." "Your prayer will be heard," Muhammad Amin said to his wife, "because you are innocent as a newborn child, you are pure. You are an Afghan mother..."

The black-grape eyes of the beautiful Madina filled with tears when she heard these words, and one or two drops rolled down her face. If the words "you are innocent and pure" came from her husband's heart, then Madina needed nothing else. Because she had been the third wife of Ruhilla, imam of Kabul, Muhammad Amin knew well that her heart shrank when the word "imam" was said. (We shall tell about Madina's lot in life later on.) However, Sidqi knew about the misfortune which befell a comrade named Habibulla; whenever he came to mind, Sidqi got very depressed. Habibulla and his young wife had got on a bus and come to Kabul. Here, they go in to get a permit from the department of education for his wife Zaynab who had completed the lycee, to be a teacher in the elementary class of the school of their village. They sit for quite a while in the corridor on the second floor, waiting to be seen by the departmental superintendent. At noon, a young man with a slight moustache calls Zaynab and takes her inside. Her husband sits waiting for a very long time. He is tempted, but nonetheless his heart does not give him the courage to go inside. After two hours, his wife comes out blushing and pale. Despite having straightened her person, she cannot conceal her swollen lips. Her spirit is heavy, she looks at her husband's eyebrows. Her husband asks her in a trembling voice:

"What did the gentleman say? Did he give you the teaching permit?"

"Yes."

"Where is the paper?"

Zaynab handed a folded paper to her husband. Then they went down the stairs one after the other, and went to the station where special buses stop. Somewhat hungry, they set out for their village. Habibulla had more or less guessed what had happened. Later on, Habibulla's spirit broke and he was unable to lift his head. Recently, they heard that he had fallen into the river and died. Either he fell into the river or he drowned himself, no one knew which. At good times, the sad times are often no worse than a bothersome fly. Now, at this moment, Muhammad Amin had to completely forget about such sad times. The sweet conversation and sunny countenance of the Master were capable of healing such wounds. The cowardly deeds committed in the various agencies of His Excellency Sadr-azam inflamed the people's anger. However, they were afraid of fetters and chains, of the sudden appearance everywhere of the traitor Taher's watersnakes, of being arrested because of worthless slander. Right then, it was not the right thing to do to stick a knife in the departmental superintendent and cut his belly open. Habibulla

later found out about this cowardly act, about the minister who forced himself on his wife in his office. This event had left a strong imprint on the heart of Muhammad Amin Sidqi.

Although a person can suffer hunger, he cannot suffer humiliation! Then, one day, in the morning, Sidqi came to the department of education and went straight into the superintendent's office. A young man in the reception room, without understanding anything, kept silent. The superintendent, sitting unconcernedly and talking with someone on the telephone, nodded his head as though he knew him. When he finished speaking, he placed the phone on its hook, stood up, offered his hand and was about to say hello. Sidqi made a gesture as though to say "don't bother, just sit down in your chair." The superintendent of education fell back into his chair a little confused. Sidqi stared the superintendent in the eye, set down the folded newspaper he was carrying on the table and opened it. Inside the newspaper, a naked, sharpened, pointed knife glittered. Sidqi first gazed at the knife, then at the eyes of the official. The startled official said: "What's going on?" He pressed a little button to call for the young man in the reception room. Frequently, money was inside such rolled-up papers.

"If you roll your eyes at anyone else's wife, I will slaughter you like an ox! Villian!"

The superintendent turned pale.

"You, you take advantage of your position on those who come to ask you for work. You say this and that, but you seduce them perversely. You put them in an impossible position. You forced yourself on my comrade's wife. He died, unable to bear the shame. However, General Taher has been cheating with your wife. Although you've been informed of this, you don't say a word. Filth! You're like a rotted stump! You can't catch me, because I'll kill you without fail. That is certain!"

Sidqi rolled up the knife again and walked out. The official sank down in his chair. He could not say a word. He just say with his eyes bulging, staring numbly. He could not use the phone and call the procurer, he could not call the police. All of his secrets would be exposed. He would certainly be disgraced. He was afraid of being disgraced, yes, but more that this young man who had waltzed in would stick a knife in him and kill him. He had committed an assault in the room behind his office, maybe it was that woman... He sat in his office unable to go outside until night came. When it was almost night, he went home, flanked by two comrades. He became a person who carries a revolver in his pocket, like Sulayman "Little Napoleon." Whenever he came face to face with the moustached, elegant, fiery-eyed young man, his heart sank. He would feel Sidqi's eyes and his entire body would shudder.

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Since the League of Awakening Youth was later persecuted and broken up, the Khalq Party was formed on the soil of that secret organization. Among workers, military men and peasants, study of the concept of the worker's class, and among Afghan laborers, interest in the works of Marxism-Leninism, began to gain strength.

"In the past, one of the pharaohs said to his minister: 'What should I do so that men will call me God?' 'If you keep the people illiterate, they will call you God,' his minister said. We Afghans have remained in darkness, and the majority of our people is illiterate," the Teacher said. "If we knew the alphabet, if we could read newspapers and write down our own thoughts, if we were informed about current world affairs, then today we would know quite well the true identity of those pretending to be God. However, most unfortunately, we have remained in darkness. Our country resembles a large house of religious retreat. We have more or less laid down in darkness. Yes, my father had several times sought refuge in God in the retreat house below the holy Sanai tombs in Ghazna. I, too, have been in this retreat house. We must climb to the top of the Hindukush and Salang Mountains and look all around! We Afghans must get out of the retreat house and see the bright world! A lot is going on in the world. There is a cry and an Afghan in each of our hearts--how long will we live in misery!?"

This speech of the Teacher is in everyone's memory. The other members of the Khalq Party used to also repeat this speech. When Sidqi himself met with men, he was always quick to use it as an illustration.

Sidqi gave the Teacher's speech at a wedding party in the village of Khoja Ravash, attracting people's attention to himself. He also made them familiar with the contents of articles being written in the Khalq newspaper. Although he served as a junior officer in the military, many knew that he was basically a young intellectual who did correspondent work and wrote poetry. They also laughed and joked that he was "the Khalilulla Khalili from among us, his tribesmen."

At the wedding party, there were also those who knew that this somewhat gaunt young man who sat on the edge of the courtyard, with his moustache, a cloth wrapped around his head and a cloak on his body, possessed a certain eloquence, had studied at the lycee and had written articles sometimes for the Khalq newspaper, sometimes for the Anis newspaper. The wedding host Ahmadkhan Rahbani had said to his match-maker Alikhan Mottimadi: "Invite the high class people, not the riff raff, to the wedding party, because the Shafei family will come. Don't let some of the no-accounts in our tribe shame us." However, the straight-forward Muhammad Amin Sidqi's coming to the wedding did not please him. On top of that, his making a speech about illiteracy put Rahbani in a bad temper. "Intellectuals are intriguers. Why is it necessary to speak such bitter profound words at someone's wedding!?" Rahbani said. Alikhan, wearing a wook cap, his blue eyes framed in glasses, had a sharp nose that sensed his host had become angry. As usual, he played with the ring on his right hand as he addressed Sidqi:

"Mr. Sidqi! Dead men have said that the living eat halva.... In reality, we have not been eating halva, but God's creatures are so ungrateful that they do not find peace in the other world. This exists in our blood--maybe such dissatisfaction is necessary. This, too, is the work of Allah who created us. I have come to understand this as a result of your meaningless talk."

Rahbani perked up. The cold steel stuck into the intellectual Muhammad Amin, who looked like the ancestors of the trades people but was no shopkeeper, pleased him very much. Rahbani, who frequently took abuse from intellectuals, winked at Mottimadi and smiled, as though to say "You taught him a lesson, bravo!" As for Alikhan, he had intended to shorten the speech with this "dagger thrust" of his, and now ordered the young people who were serving to bring the coffee. It had the effect of distracting Sidqi who appeared stunned.

"If you have understood such a thing from 'meaningless talk,' then you must have stopped reading the Koran. This is progress! I purposely talked so you could hear. My talk which you call 'meaningless' must have reached the mark, brother Alikhan! I'm not offended by your flying off the handle. I expected it. Probably, in time, you will enter the ranks of the people and speak on behalf of the simple fold," Sidqi said without embarassment. He knew that Alikhan spoke like that. "I spoke these words to the people here, not to you (he emphasized the word "people"). They requested me to speak. The people asked me to say a few words about present policies. I cannot not fulfill this request."

Chapter IV: Banquet in the "Garden of Children" [pp 77-82]

March 1977. In Kabul, the Spring came in cold, as usual. Shopkeepers placed a brazier in the middle of their shops and sat warming their hands over it. In office buildings, electric stoves always had a red glow beside the desks of officials. Foreigners wrapped in cloaks shivered, trembled and stamped their feet on the streets.

In the middle of the month, it was released in the newspapers that the high official Mr. James R. Stanley had come as a guest to Afghanistan where Sadr-azam awaited him. After two days, a banquet in honor of James R. Stanley was given in the great decorated rooms below the domes of the "Garden of Children" which had been built in the Oriental mode on a high hill in the center of the capital. Before he came from the International guesthouse for high positioned gentlemen to the "Garden of Children," soldiers carrying machine guns were positioned as guards on both sides of the streets. Because the banquet had been scheduled for six o'clock, the military commanders--Ghulam Haydar Rasuli, chief of the war ministry, and Generals Muhammad Yusuf and Abdul Aziz--arrived five or six minutes early. At six o'clock, the foolish son of Sadr-azam, Sulayman, armed guards on both sides of him, a cape on his shoulders, a hat similar to those of Napoleon's entourage on his head, and with trousers that covered only his upper legs, entered the great hall taking long measured steps. He had fashioned his lowered eyelids, sharp

glances, silent demeanor, and mannerisms, after those of Napoleon Bonaparte. Sometimes he stood off to one side and made himself appear very wise. Two generals standing to one side looked at each other and chuckled: "Sulayman has come, which means his father will also come." This crossed the mind of everyone. The ministers were waiting for Sadr-azam, not for Stanley. In fact, no sooner had ten minutes passed than Muhammad Davud and James Stanley reached the "Garden of Children" encircled by numerous secret policemen. Secret police chief General Taher and others surrounded Davud, heaping flattery on him. Sulayman, drawing attention to himself by walking back and forth unchecked, stopped in front of the men gathered for the banquet and stared sulkily at his father as though staring at a tortoise egg. Horse-faced, bald-headed Muhammad Davud looked at his son and smiled: "So, are you here, too?" This smile was very necessary for Sulayman, who ogled the men standing around as though to say "See, I'm like him," and acted like an extremely experienced leader, a pillar of the state. The eyes of the nobles, ministers, department heads, military men, and journalists who had come to the banquet were on two focal points: on the tall, brown-haired fiftyish James Stanley, and on the foolish Sulayman, son of Sadr-azam, known to all as "Little Napoleon." Sulayman, who got angry over nothing or laughed uproariously over the least little thing, liked such large banquets as this one. He had married twice, and got divorced quickly. He didn't like women, all he cared about was commanding in the present "wars" and repeated the Khyber Pass war. A certain poet tells an ancient legend concerning paradise in connection with Afghanistan and in praise of Afghanistan, which he must have told to Sulayman. "A pregnant woman on a ship that sank in the ocean gave birth on a floating piece of wood. This infant stayed on the piece of wood, but the mother slipped into the water. God took her soul. However, someone rescued the infant and took care of him. He grew up as Firavn and later his name became Shaddad.

When he became ruler, he had a garden built for himself. He commanded that the garden should be superior to paradise. When the garden was finished and he stepped on its threshold, he stumbled, split his head open, and died. God did not ordain that he should see his garden. That garden was added as the eighth paradise to the seven paradises." Sulayman went about saying that this paradise was Afghanistan, and would claim that he had said these very clever words. His ancestor was Nadirshah and, despite his being against Dostmuhammadkhan and Amanullakhan, he would say that historically Afghanistan must go back to the age of Amanullakhan. He spoke badly of the Bachasaqovs. He gathered around him the treacherous and hypocritical Muslim theologians to whom he would say that he had conquered Amanullakhan. Sulayman had studied in the history department of Kabul University (he was given a diploma written in his name, but, as a matter of fact, he had put studying to one side and devoted himself to his own activities all the time). Three or four years before, when Zahirshah's children had humiliated his cousins and laughed at them, he would sometimes bare his sword and say: "I will organize a party against tyranny." As soon as he heard about the existence of the Khalq and Parcham Parties in the country, he went about saying that he would join his party to theirs. When his father heard what he said, he clenched his fist but kept silent. Zahirshah's tyranny was in vain. When his father came to

the head of state and established a "republic," Sulayman came to life and his desire to be Napoleon reached its peak. His father shouted a few orders, but his mother objected: "Don't hurt him. Maybe God has answered the prayer of this creature...maybe the cries of my son have pleased God." After that, Muhammad Davud did not stand in the way of his foolish son, telling him to "just do the work you're supposed to do." However, he assigned General Taher to make sure that he did not get mixed up with any sort of bad men.

In passing through the Sulayman Mountains between Peshawar and Jalalabad, there is the Khyber Pass. This passageway leads to Kabul. The Attak fortress, which was built on the top of a mountain out of boulders and stones, with walls four feet thick, stands fast on the passageway to the Afghan soil. The Punjab maharaji Ranjit had invited there the generals who fled from Napoleon's army when it was defeated and thereby increased the military experience on his own army. Generals Venturi, Lourie, and others came to the Punjab. They took advantage of the friendly relationship existing between the Saddazay and the Barakzay, two large tribes of Afghanistan. Ranjit was also able to attract the world renown jewel known as "Kohinur," which was in the hands of Shudjakhan who had fled there from the Afghan ruler Dostmuhammadkhan. Sulayman, who knew about this history, was angered by the muddleheadedness of Shudja. He dressed up like Dostmuhammadkhan after descriptions he had heard many times. According to historical accounts, Sulayman evidently resembled Dostmuhammadkhan quite a bit. Sulayman was in his mid-thirties, tall, strong, sharp-nosed, with a broad forehead (however, it was a pity that the intelligence behind this broad forehead was small), and brown-eyed. His eyes were very close together like those of monkeys. He went around wearing a shirt of red Herat silk, with a Smith and Wesson revolver that held twelve bullets at his side. Wearing his broad cape, he dressed at times like Napoleon and his famous General Venturi, and at other times like Hamlet. (When he had studied in France, he saw "Hamlet" many times in the Paris Theater.) Although General Taher requested that he put his revolver in his pants pocket when he was in the presence of his father, Sulayman turned a deaf ear to him. After his father Davud had said "He does not do anything harmful with respect to us, so don't upset his nerves," Taher did not bother "Little Napoleon." Sulayman just did the work he was supposed to do. "We have established a republic, my son. Never speak the names of Nadirshah, Dostmuhammadkhan, or Amanullakhan!" Davud admonished his robust son at breakfast time. Brilliantly, Sulayman replied: "You, reverend father, are the greatest crown bearer of all the past sovereigns of Afghanistan. The whole world says this!" This nitwit liked debate as much as a bald head likes the comb.

He looked affectionately on any man who asked him a question or for his opinion. Members of the secret Khalq Party had studied well these "qualities" of his. Generals Vatanjar, Gulabzay, Asadulla Payyam, and other influential people, used to say that "God has sent Sulayman, "Little Napoleon," to us, and we must make good use of him."

The banquet reached its peak. Davud and Stanley asked after each others health, spoke about the friendship of their countries and the further development of trade, lifted their glasses in each other's honor, and, after

they had demonstrated their individual speaking skills, the turn came for the musicians and singers who had come here. The doleful Afghan music sounded out. Davud and Stanley, who sat side by side in the place of honor, stood up, took a few steps, and sat down in beautiful armchairs somewhat away from the people in order to relax a little. Stanley smoked, then looked at Davud and gestured to his own interpreter who stood beside him. (When Stanley intended to say something important, he used the interpreter he had brought with him.) He said that his government was once more arming the Iranian army, giving great assistance to the country, and so on. He repeated that because of this the Pahlavi Shah of Shahs was gaining control of Iran and increasing his friends. "Iran's membership in SEATO is very welcome," he said, gazing at Muhammad Davud who bent his misshapen head. The appearance of Davud at this moment was very close to his picture of the crackling new, reddish 100 Afghani coin. His horse head glittered bewitchingly like "the head of the ruler is the sun of the realm" in the verse of the poet Khalilulla Khalili. James Stanley understood the Afghanistan president's frame of mind:

"Mr. President, according to information that has reached us, the Khalq and Parcham Parties are evidently carrying out activities that are dangerous to and oppose your government," James Stanley said in a low voice. "The fact that they move about so freely and speak out against our country's honor, as well as their impudence and threat toward this country, makes us think."

"There are such parties, we know. They are the parties of the intellectuals," Davud said, grinning. However, being informed by a representative of a foreign state of the activities which the Khalq and Parcham were carrying out took him aback. "We have no intention to ban these parties. So far, we don't know about any observable intrigues of theirs..."

James Stanley squeezed his shoulder and grinned. Then he smoked another cigarette.

At this moment, his press attache who had been recalled from New York a month ago came to Davud's mind. This man who had given interviews to the correspondents of quite a few newspapers and journals in America, and had spoken his mind on the suffering of the people of Afghanistan, the lack of democracy, the landowners' getting rich, the hunger and ruination of the peasants, illiteracy, etc., was Nurmuhammad Taraki. He was the one he had recalled. Relieved of his service, he flew back to Kabul, despite being offered political asylum by some European states and being told it was dangerous for him to return to Afghanistan. Directly from the Kabul airport he telephoned the palace and asked for a word with Muhammad Davud. The palace official said the president was busy and could not speak, and hung up the telephone crisply. He telephoned again. This time, he had to talk to him. His speech was very short: "Mr. President, I am Nurmuhammad Taraki. I have just now flown back from New York. Shall I go to prison, or shall I go home?" No "Hello." After a moment, the terse voice of Davud was heard: "Just go to your home!" The existence of so much courage in this mouthful of words by the recalled press attache had made Davud think. The broad attention

within the country to the well known writer and author of the book "Bango, the Visitor," stayed the ruler's hand; otherwise, he would have had him dragged off to prison. After the unexpected "information" of Mr. Stanley, the thin, fiery-eyed Nurmuhammad Taraki, the writer and public figures, came before the eyes of Davud. Sulayman stood superciliously behind his father, his ears pricked, watching Mr. Stanley. He also understood what he said. He knew the English language.

After the banquet, Davud called General Taher to the palace. Ottomans and soft leather chairs were ready on the beautiful terrace where they met as usual. Mineral water, banana sherbet and coffee were waiting on a silver tray, and the crystal chandeliers were lit above.

General Taher poured coffee and handed it to Davud.

"Is everything as it should be? Did Stanley get back to the guesthouse?"

"It is so, Your Excellency, Sadr-azam."

"Did you station men in the area?"

"Everything is fine."

"Something has come up that is not 'fine.' I'm stunned. Mr. Stanley said something to me. It seems as though the Khalq and Parcham groups have begun activities against the state. Is it true that we didn't know this? Is it true that we infiltrated their people and observed them, and didn't know this? In my opinion, their representatives are actively at work. There is something to this. The West European spies do good work. You and I work with the methods left by the first man. They don't work. Nitwits get money for nothing. We're always the back feet of the dog!" Davud was infuriated.

"Sadr-azam, Your Excellency, I had given you information on these activities. In written form. If I remember right, it was the third or fourth of last month...Indeed, the Khalq and Parcham are operating actively. These two groups have now united..."

Davud sipped his coffee and appeared pensive. After a moment, he spoke affectionately, just like an older brother, to General Taher.

"We must stop them."

"We have men within the Parcham, we know every word they say. They are not building sand castles! There are quite a few Khalq people inside the military. A few of these young men we plan to arrest and accuse of having killed a man. We have a man among them. However, they're getting stronger."

"We must take sharp measures! That means there was after all some truth in what Mr. Stanley said..."

That day, Sulayman left the banquet as Napoleon, slightly drunk, with his own bodyguard who carried a machine gun, and got in the car of Colonel Mir Najibulla. He liked Mir Najibulla who recognized Sulayman's "talent for leadership." Although the Colonel was older, he flattered Sulayman by addressing him with the respect form of the second person pronoun. Sitting side by side in the car, Sulayman whispered in his ear "his confidence."

"My dear man, have you heard what happened?"

"No."

"Mr. James Stanley told my father that the Khalq and Parcham groups are conducting activities against the state, and our men know all about it. Be cautious, Colonel. I purposely took you to my side. My father has gone to get General Taher. In my opinion, the General will teach these groups a good lesson."

"Yes, we must teach bad men a lesson. How would it be if we let them go, eh? They would not fear God. My whole life I have been serving my fatherland and His Excellency, Sadr-azam Muhammad Davud."

"We know you, Colonel, you're an indispensable man."

Late that day, in the Khushkhalkhan quarter, friends gathered in Hafizulla's courtyard. Considering that the attention of the secret police, officials, and so on, would be on the banquet which began at six o'clock and that today would in general be a convenient day, some members of the Khalq Party Central Committee had gathered to discuss party activities. Hafizulla, a member of the Central Committee, led the meeting. Muhammad Amin Sidqi was also at the secret meeting. The senior officers Said Muhammad Gulabzay and Faqir Muhammad, who wore civilian clothes instead of their military uniforms, also participated.

After Colonel Mir Najibulla had accompanied the slightly drunk Sulayman as far as the palace gate, he drove his car on alone and went to the courtyard of Hafizulla. His coming unexpectedly, in his military uniform, did not please those gathered here. "There's important news, I couldn't tell it to you on the phone, he apologized. He added that it was necessary to deliver this news today, this instant, to the Central Committee. Having done so, he left soon after. Almost no one in the neighborhood was unaware of him.

The secret assembly did not continue much longer after Mir Najibulla left. They were in any case glad that Sulayman, "Little Napoleon," existed. They remembered that one day he had become unhappy and had gone around saying "I will organize a party..." They laughed, saying: "He sets up a party and does what? He comes over to our side. We'll merge, overturn the regime of the traitor Davud, and create a free republic." Someone also said that they would have to start from scratch.

"Mr. James Stanley is interfering in the internal affairs of Afghanistan," Jorjani said.

"This has been their way for a long time," Hafizulla said. "In this way, they have gained the trust of Davud and have stripped the country."

"Mr. Stanley says: 'If you need a car, we will sell it to you. There's no need to build a factory, we make cars ourselves. We will also sell arms to you, don't make your own.'" Jorjani said. "They say: 'We'll also give you water and surgary coca-cola. Don't worry about a thing. We'll also give you literature. Here's Kipling, here's Dickens...' The people do not understand how much he humiliates us. The people, whose eyes are dazzled by the goods pouring into our bazaars, are charmed by him, and are losing their national pride. Those who are abandoning Pashto and Dari and are learning English look like wise men. Davud's government is occupied with banquets and conceits and extending itself. The people just remain in darkness. It plans to drag us back a hundred years..."

Hafizulla jokingly explained that Jorjani was given to emotional display. After that he lowered his voice a little and spoke about the immediate task.

After a few hours, they dispersed. Hafizulla gave a brief report by telephone to the other members of the Central Committee of the Khalq Party. The report was basically about the weather, about how today for some reason or other his rheumatism was acting up, and about the medicine...

Chapter V: Sidqi Is Arrested

[pp 82-84] On March 13, the five your old son of Sulayman, "Little Napoleon," named Muhammad Davud (after his grandfather), disappeared. A month later, his decomposed body was found in a ditch by the road leading to Jalalabad. This tragedy thoroughly shook the Davud household. Sulayman, "Little Napoleon," was horrified and completely lost control of himself. He took the little revolver out of his pocket and pointed it at the cheek of one of the secret police officers who are guarding the palace.

"Are you one of these defenders of the security of the president's home?" The officer froze where he stood, his face paled. Sulayman threatened him: "Speak, why don't you!? Parasites! Can't you even take care of a five year old child? My god, o, my god!"

"Stop, my son," said Davud, lowering Sulayman's hand that held the revolver. "Let us look ahead. Investigation will bring out the truth. Shooting and killing this man will not change that. Let us get to the bottom of this business, and find out why the murderers did not seek vengeance on us, but killed my five your old infant grandson. What was his crime!?" Tears came to his eyes and he wept till they filled his throat. "You (he pointed to the police officer), find the murderer who killed my grandson! If you don't find him for me, you'll be hanged in the prison. I'll confiscate all your property and throw your wife to the soldiers!"

After Sulayman took the revolver from the officer's cheek, the policeman, who had turned pale, recovered himself a little, made a gesture, and went outside.

The very next morning this event was written up in the "Kabul Times" and other newspapers. The palace people, security men, officials, right up to the cooks in the kitchen, the janitors and even the barbers felt threatened. Ears pricked, they questioned one another.

The same day, no sooner had an hour or so passed, than the minister General Taher arrived at the government palace. Davud, who had not finished buttoning up his black shirt, met him in the room where he and General Taher had sat in two leather armchairs placed beside low tables on the palace terrace after James Stanley's recent hints in the "Garden of Children," and they discussed the words spoken in his ear.

"Your slave has heard, Your Majesty, Sadr-azam, and is very sorry. I also share your grief. So very sad and misfortunate," General Taher trembled and was prepared now to fall to his knees and weep.

Davud said "Oh, oh!," lowered his head, and shook it. Sulayman, who had appeared in the room and stood listening to the minister's words, began to bawl. Suddenly, he heaved and stared at his father. Breaking the silence which had fallen over him, he once again cried out and began to beat his head on the wall. Davud, seeing that his son was carrying on uncontrollably, gestured to the minister to leave the room with him.

"The truth is that these monsters did not intend to kidnap my grandson in order to free their accomplices from jail. They just took him and fled in a car away from the palace. No demand of any sort was made on us. This is the work of our opponents. They killed my grandson with aim of tormenting me. Oh, you can bet I will torment someone! I will kill someone's child! Oh, God! This is so barbaric!"

Muhammad Davud spoke these words and cried. He remembered that he had put his signature to a document concerning the execution of six people who had been sentenced to the death penalty three days ago. Taher knew about this decree and its execution. Of a sudden, the Devil Azazil appeared in a form similar to a moneky on the decorated platform opposite Davud, looked at Davud, and burst out laughing. He gestured at Davud and began shaking his head: "Yes, liar, you sentenced six men to death. They took them out of their damp prison cells at dawn. They dragged them out by their shoulders because they couldn't stand up. They greeted the dawn without having slept that night. Each of them had a few children and grandchildren. Yes, you, liar! You, too, are deceiving God! Yes, you! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! You, too, are a devil!"

"Go away! Go away!" Davud cried out suddenly. His eyes bulged and he stood up stamping his feet.

"Who? Who, father?" Sulayman, confused, stuck his hand in his pocket and ogled Minister Taher. Taken aback, Taher did not take his eyes off Davud.

"No, no, my son, not the minister! I, I...suddenly went crazy. The murderers of my grandson appeared before my eyes." He took the handkerchief beside him and began to wipe the sweat on his forehead. Azazil had long since disappeared. Only Davud himself had heard what he said.

Sadr-azam had to sign the sentence of the six people. However, he knew that this tragedy was the cause of the people's discontent. Although this was true, he signed it. Because first, the present situation demanded it; second, those people killed his father; and third, numerous people on the side of his minister wanted the death penalty given to members of the Khalq Party. A feudal regime is extremely complicated. A rich man had invited his opponent to a banquet at the Aziz Hotel in Kabul and had him killed. Tricking his wife, he took her away in a car and raped her in his guest-house. Carousing, pleasure-seeking, money-grubbing...reaching a peak. For this reason, Sadr-azam signed the sentence of the six people. On the morning, a secret group would be destroyed. On March 3, New Year's day [according to the Afghan calendar], just as Azazil remembered it, Sadr-azam signed the sentence. On March 4, at dawn, they shot and killed them in prison.

[pp 86-87] She helped Muhammad Amin Sidqi stand in the corner of the foyer and rummaged about in the other room. Concealing her face, Madina came back with their child wrapped in a blanket and raised it toward her husband standing in the foyer. Muhammad Amin lifted his handcuffed hand, pulled open the infant's shirt, and placed his hand on its stomach. He said: "Go to the Teacher and tell him what has happened. Tell him quickly. Don't make a mistake and go to Babrak Karmal. Only go to the Teacher. If you cannot find him, go to Muhammad Heyyel."

"No talking! Don't show your face, get out of here, go on, woman!" the officer warned her.

Disgusted by the stuffy room, "Little Napoleon" had gone outside.

Madina understood what her husband said. Without making a sound, she gestured "all right," took off the child's blanket, lay it there, and went out again to the terrace. She sat down on the terrace, embracing her child who was trembling.

After a few hours, the policemen, who had been turning the room upside down, for some reason covered Muhammad Amin Sidqi's head and took him out of the house by the arms. Despite its being night, some of the neighbors, aware of the cars in front of the door and the policemen standing guard, came outside and peeped from their doorways.

"I have no crime. They suspect me of being a murderer, but I'm no murderer! The truth will be revealed. Soon I'll be back," Muhammad Amin Sidqi said, opening with his cuffed hands the blanket which covered his head.

Madina wept and grieved. At that moment, the baby clinging to her breast suddenly became silent as though he were listening to his father's words.

That same night, the men named Mirhaji Yaqub-oghli, [an Uzbek] from Darulaman Street, and Abdumomin from the bazaar, had also been put in handcuffs and taken to jail.

There are many Uzbeks in Afghanistan. They are mostly in the West and North of the country; there are also many in Shibirghan, Balh, Mazari Sharif, Tashqurghan, Aybek, Khanabad, Charikar, and Herat, as well as in Ghazna, Qandahar and Kabul. More than four million. Especially in the period of the last Nadirshah, they were without rights, like the Bukharan Jews. The history of the Afghanistan Uzbeks is connected to the XV century Timurids, and to the Juz, Qutchi, Naiman, Qonghirat, and Chaghatay tribes in the environs of Jayhun and Chaganrud. Uzbeks form the basic part of those who cultivate cotton in Northern Afghanistan. Uzbeks render great assistance to Afghanistan with their labor.

Chapter VII: Within the Tombs of the Holy Saints...

[p 95] "Are you the wife of Muhammad Amin Sidqi?" the man asked,.

"Yes."

"As my companion said, we encountered you a week ago, but because we couldn't talk to you then, we followed you here. There are no secret police spies here. But I will say something serious to you, then I will go. Tell me, please, when the police arrested your husband and took him away, did he not say something to you?"

"No," Madina said, without taking her eyes off the unknown man. "He said: 'Take care of your child. I'm not guilty. I'll be back soon!'"

"Only this? He said nothing else?"

"No."

"He did not say: 'Go to the Teacher?'"

"Yes, he said that. It must have slipped my memory."

"The Teacher lives in the Khushkhalkhan quarter...Don't say his real name, spies are everywhere. If they find out, it won't be good. You must do what Muhammad Amin Sidqi said! Don't go wandering about in such places as these. They're useless! Do you understand what I have said?"

"I understand."

"Don't go wandering about. This kind of thing is useless. My companion and I have been searching for you for a week, so that we could remind you of what your husband said. Let these words stay in this place, don't tell them to anyone. Your mother also heard. If what we said gets around, it will go very badly for Muhammad Amin Sidqi, for the two of you, and for me. Goodbye, little sister, goodbye, mother! May God take care of our friend's problem. Goodbye!" The unknown man and his woman quickened their steps and went away. Just at the entrance to the graveyard, a taxi stood waiting for them, and then whisked them off toward the city.

Madina and the old woman took a few steps, came to the gravedigger's hut, nodded their heads to him, and made a sign of goodbye. Then, they set off walking toward the city.

Mother and child became lost in thought: Who was this unknown man? Searching for them for a week, following them to the graveyard, was very strange! This man, with the cloth wrapped around his head, did not leave any doubt that he was one of Muhammad Amin Sidqi's friends. He was like a man with an angel in his face. Her husband had in fact told her to go to the Chardehi and Khushhalkhan quarters, to the Teacher. But how did that unknown man know he had said this? Madina was embarrassed that she had forgotten her husband's words. "Indeed, I forgot these words," she said to herself.

Chapter VIII: A Blow Is Struck Through Interrogation or Deception

[p 97] However, the secret police had been made responsible for striking a blow against the Khalq Party which, in recent years, had been agitating and writing a lot of articles in newspapers on the people's lack of rights, their oppression by officials, and on how the state and police kept the simple fold in ignorant darkness. The Parcham Party also alarmed the General. But, because he had studied in his youth with its leader, Babrak Karmal, because they had completed the lycee together and exchanged greetings whenever they met, Taher sent fewer "watersnakes" to spy on him. However, striking a blow against the author of "Bango, the Visitor," the writer who was gaining attention among the people from day to day, was a duty of the highest order. This writer and public figure had further increased his activities against the state after being recalled from his press attache duties in New York.

Spies had been on the trail of Sidqi, one of the most active members of the Khalq Party, for a long time.

Muhammad Amin Sidqi, Abdumomin, and Mirhaji Yaqub-oghli, who were quickly arrested, were charged with the kidnapping and choking to death of the five year old grandson of Sadr-azam. They said there were men who had seen Abdumomin "take the child away in a car." They said that Sidqi's headcloth had fallen in the road near the ditch where the body was found...

Although Muhammad Davud did not place too much belief in this slander spewed out by the secret police, "Little Napoleon," the child's father, believed it. The three men who had been arrested were, after all, members of the Khalq Party.

[p 98] Muhammad Amin Sidqi, from the first day of his arrest, lay alone in his cell for a week without being interrogated. The dampness of the cement walls seeped into his bones. After a week, they took him out for interrogation. A bald, stout man began to interrogate him. Two other people from the secret police were also in the room.

[pp 98-99] "I am guilty of nothing!"

"God exists, Mr. Sidqi. Don't you doubt that! If you doubt His existence, tell us, please. True, nothing is impossible. You must only be sincere."

"No, you are investigators of "extremely dangerous political activities." I am not worth your attention. When I go to the Jame Mosque and ask for God's forgiveness, I go as an ordinary person. The kind of deeds you speak of do not come from my hand."

"You are a member of the Khalq Party?"

"Yes, that's true. Our party was given permission to operate openly. I am a member of the People's Democratic Party."

"However, it was not given permission to struggle excessively against the state!"

"We are against keeping our people illiterate and ignorant, against landowners pitilessly stripping the peasants."

"You cannot answer me, but I can answer you! You better tell us, why did you kill the child?"

"I repeat: that's a lie!"

"If you go on being so stubborn, the love and mercy within us will disappear! I will be obliged to take more serious measures. Let me add that the Parchan leader, Mr. Babrak Karmal, is my friend. We studied together..."

[p 99] Sidqi took in his hands the "confession," which consisted of three sheets of paper and was typed in Arabic letters, and began to read:

"We, members of the Khalq Party: Muhammad Amin Sidqi, junior officer; Abdumomin, shopkeeper; Mirhaji Yaqub-oghli, machinist and an Uzbek; on the 14th day of the 3rd month, 1356 A.H., murdered the grandson of Sadari-azam..."

Chapter IX: Answer Fist With Fist

[p 104-106] General Gulabzay dressed in rather simple clothes in the morning and, without driving his car, arrived at the courtyard of the Master. Surayya-khanim brought in coffee. The Master awaited him impatiently. His thoughtful, burning eyes were melancholy and angry. Because of General Gulabzay's high standing in the palace, his good personal relationship with Taher and the fact that he was a friend and even a distant relative of Taher, the Master asked him to speak with Taher and somehow try to free Sidqi more quickly. "It's not too difficult for you to speak with Taher," the Master said. Gulabzay and the Master soon said goodbye, and Gulabzay left the courtyard. That day, at noontime, Gulabzay went home and put on his military uniform. He telephoned Taher and then quickly went over to his gloomy building.

"Please, General, come in! What would you like to drink?"

"I would be telling a lie if I said that I missed you and wanted to see you," Gulabzay said, chuckling.

"I have come with a difficult mission. There's no place for false words in an establishment run by you."

"Please, my dear man, won't you tell me what it is?"

"Evidently you have arrested Muhammad Amin Sidqi. Well, he is a person in my service. I know that he is a very honest man. Even if my position is damaged, I tell you that I'm right about that. What is his crime?"

"Murder."

"No! I don't believe it!"

"Not believing it is your business, esteemed general, however, it is unfortunately so. He killed the grandson of Badr-azam."

"Impossible!"

"Impossible for him to look men in the face. Documents and evidence are very convincing, and the documents are confirming it. I, too, have heard about this man. He writes articles for the newspapers, he writes poetry, he makes good speeches. He is also a singer. A junior officer...I did not want to believe it either, but, unfortunately, he committed murder..."

"For what purpose did he kill the child? What did he need? Is it possible to know?"

"He is not telling his reason in interrogation."

"If you will place him in my custody, I will drag it out of him. I am a responsible person, he will not run away anywhere."

Taher shook his head.

"I will write a letter, and you can release him in my custody."

"They are three people. This deed was done by a group...I cannot release to your custody this group that has committed murder. This is not possible."

"I don't care, I just don't believe they committed murder. Such a cowardly act could not come out of Sidqi. Why should he have killed the grandson of Sadr-azam!?"

"Why should he?" Taher stared at his friend Gulabzay with a look of doubt. "We still do not understand why."

Gulabzay left the side of his friend sadly. Although he had been unable to do any good, at least he now knew what Sidqi was being accused of. When he reached the place where he worked, he telephoned the home of the Master and, in a language an outsider would not understand, said that he had quite a few "kinds of coffee, rheumatism," and "the medicine consisted of rubbing on badger oil," and he explained what Sidqi was being accused of. He also informed him that it would be completely impossible to get him released in his custody. They determined the name of the person conducting the interrogation and found out that this man frequented a house of prostitution on the edge of Kabul. Since it was necessary to spread the word--and, if possible, to get it written up in the newspapers--that Sidqi had been arrested and accused of murder and that he was not the kind of man who could actually commit such an act, they planned to pass on this news to the correspondent of the English newspaper "Daily Wire," a man who liked to gossip and bend the ear of foreigners. When nothing worked through Taher, they sought measures of spreading gossip and of getting correspondents to meet with Sidqi in prison. Because of the slander leveled at Sidqi, the Central Committee understood at once that the secret police were planning to strike a destructive blow against the Khalq Party. It was clear that the sly Taher had used "Little Napoleon" in this affair. They selected two of Sidqi's friends and directed them to visit the Casino Gamblinghouse, speak with the house servants as well as the gamblers, and especially to be present on the days that "Little Napoleon" came here. They heard from the mouth of a certain someone that "they had kidnapped the child and killed him because his swindler father had not paid off on his gambling debt." The Teacher stressed that it was necessary to spread this truth to the people as quickly as possible. "The wider it is spread, the better it will be. The people will see Davud's true face and the tyrannies they are committing better," he said. This news was spread around and it especially reached the ears of the shopkeepers in the bazaar. The word passed through the machine factory, the soap factory, and among the taxi drivers. The Japanese Telegraph Agency, and not the "Daily Wire," was the first to broadcast it, and it was printed in the newspapers. After three days,

the Davud government learned about this rumor, and Taher was summoned to the palace. Once again in the same place, in leather armchairs beside low tables, each with china cups brought to them by a man from one of the palace halls, Muhammad Davud met with Taher.

"All right, General, what do you say to this rumor?"

"This, too, is the work of the Khalq Party."

"Let us suppose that it is. You know the conditions in the country well, sir. However, could it be that this 'game' is yours? The outcome of the 'game' looks bad, doesn't it? What do you say to this? The Khalq Party had been carrying out agitation within limitations. You have made the people ready to revolt!"

Taher thought to himself. He began to twist his fingers. Whenever he got nervous his eyelids would flutter up and down. He looked down and rubber his eyelids with his fingers.

"The foreign radio is saying that Sidqi and his partners were falsely arrested. The BBC has also not been speaking to our benefit..."

"We will take measures."

"What measures did you take!?" Davud shouted. His face paled and his lips began to tremble. "You should have thought before you acted! Maybe you have convinced my son, but how will you deceive me? He is a fool, of course! Do you also take me for a fool? He gambled at the Casino and lost. When he wouldn't pay his debt, they snatched the child and killed him. You, General, were the one who planned to profit from this tragedy! As a result, the people are speaking out against the regime. They're rising up. Instigating a revolt is no trivial matter. My own men, whom I put on you and in your offices, have made all this clear!"

"Honorable Sadr-azam, we will straighten out this business. The whole affair will turn out all right. If I fail the least bit, my head is beneath your sword..."

The Master and his disciples knew well that there would be such nervous shouting, scheming, and pacing back and forth in the palace. "The die is cast. There's no pulling back now," the Master said. "If at all possible with our present strength, we must speak out and raise a clamour over the unjustified arrest of Sidqi. Let this injustice not remain only in Kabul. Let it reach the ears of the people of every city and every village in Afghanistan. The regime of Davud is a dungeon. It is destroying every kind of freedom. We must tell them that, through the foul deeds of his foolish son, people like the simplehearted Sidqi are being sacrificed. If the opportunity arises, we must give more news leads to foreign correspondents. And if the machine factory workers and university students start a rebellion now..."

The word was spread everywhere: about the Casino, Sulayman "Little Napoleon," the death of the five year old child, the unjustified arrest of Sidqi.

On Friday, bazaar day, the word also passed from mouth to mouth in the Jame Mosque. The people began to hate the Davud government.

Chapter X: Damnation to Certain Intellectuals Who Go About Putting On Airs Among the Oppressed People Instead of Struggling With the Oppressors!

[p 106-109] A tired Madina returned home from the graveyard and without even untying the long cloth that tightly cinched her waist got her baby from her neighbor's house and left, pressing him to her breast.

"We have come along a hard road, my child," her mother said.

"Oh, my warrior! My lion! Whey your father saw these smiles of yours, how happy he was!" Tears came to her eyes. "Let the police die! Let fire fall on the homes of the oppressors!"

"Don't be sad, my daughter. If five days of the month are dark, then five days are bright. Let God take care of those who wish us evil! Just leave it to God. God will take care of them!"

Madina thought about the man who had followed her and confronted her in the graveyard. She had talked with her mother about the appearance of the man and the woman beside him. She understood that her husband had "friends" here, too, and not only among the military people in Khoja Ravash. The next morning, she picked up her baby and set off for Khushkhalkhan quarter. She remembered that her husband had told her to ask people along the way for directions to the courtyard of the Teacher in this place. Looking and looking, she found the Khushkhalkhan quarter and then the courtyard of the Teacher who lived here, as though she had found Mecca. A nice-looking thirteen or fourteen year old child awaited her in front of the door.

"Please come in. Who do you want to see?"

"I want to see the wife of the Teacher," she said to the child facing her, who moved aside and looked at her. "Are you not one of her children?"

"I am."

"If you are their child, call your mother."

"Who are you?"

"I...I am your aunt Madina."

"I do not know you, but come on in, my mother is at home."

Madina entered the courtyard, sensed someone talking with the boy in the doorway, and came face to face with the mother who came outside at once. She raised her chador, exposed her face, and greeted the lady of the house. She said that she was the wife of Muhammad Amin Sidqi. When she heard this, the woman took her inside at once. On the way, she gestured to her son. Her son went out, pulled the hanger and shut the street door, and went up to the pigeon coop on the roof.

"You are welcome," the lady of the house said. She took Madina into a cool room with rows of bookshelves.

Madina took the chador off her head and sat down on a chair. The lady of the house spread a tablecloth and brought in tea, sweets, and bread. She also brought in some milk in a little pitcher. Madina surmised that the Teacher's family was a prosperous, rich family, because of the books on the shelves and the crystal chandeliers.

"Your child must have fallen asleep. Give him to me and I'll lay him down on this bed." She took Madina's child and laid him down on the snow-white bed. The child had awakened when she laid him down on the soft bed, but then he calmed down and went to sleep again. The lady of the house sat down facing Madina and cordially offered her tea. The warmth of the lady resembled that of an older sister whom she had not seen for a long time.

"Here. Be careful of the tablecloth!"

"Thank you!" Madina shyly took a sip of tea.

"Have some sugar, and some milk."

"Fine."

"You are the wife of Mr. Sidqi. Your name is Madina?"

"It is."

"A terrible misfortune has befallen you. Your husband has been arrested... The children's father told me about it. We have news. You must be patient. If God wishes, he will be freed. Mr. Sidqi was at our home many times... However, the present situation demands that you keep secret the relationship of your Mr. Sidqi with us. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"Yes."

"Here, don't be shy. You have to feed your child. Put some milk in your tea and drink it."

"Thank you."

"My name is Ayshe."

"Thank you," Madina said. "I am grateful to meet you and grateful for your kind words to me."

The lady of the house, Ayshe-khanim, understood that Madina, to judge by her attractive and well-bred words, was not a very ordinary woman.

"The children's father plans to have a serious talk with you. That man has been waiting many days for you. Is it all right if I call him?"

"Absolutely." Madina stood up at once and pulled her chador over her head. Standing thus, she awaited the father's entrance.

Ayshe-khanim left the room, called her husband, and led him in.

"Selam aleykum!" A man over forty and dressed in the new fashion of teachers entered the room. "Please sit down and be comfortable. I will sit on this chair." After Ayshe and Madina had knelt on the little rug, he made a gesture of blessing over the three of them. "Isn't the baby getting big!"

"Thank you."

"My honorable sister, my wife has said a few words to you. We have news about the misfortune that has befallen you. If God wishes, the whole affair will turn out well. In any event, don't speak to anyone about us or about your coming to our home. We are also aware that you know how to sew clothes and that your father was a printing house worker. Our men will take our sewing machine to your house. Tell your neighbors and other people who ask about this machine that you bought it from the bazaar. If you stay at home and take in sewing, this will be a very profitable work. You will not suffer want. When Muhammad Amin gets out of prison, he will see that you have not suffered want and will be happy. This is our first act of assistance. My wife Ayshe-khanim and my son Abdurrahman will go to your house on the pretext of having some clothes sewn. Occasionally, you will also come to us on the pretext of your own clothes. For now, that is all there is to say. They call me "Teacher." You also use that name for me. If anyone takes an interest in knowing about us, then inform either my wife or my son."

"Fine."

"Don't go around saying that you will straighten out this affair of Muhammad Amin. If someone comes and tries to give you help, don't accept it. Tell them God himself will show mercy, that you will prevail upon God. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"We ourselves will be occupied with this business."

"God love you."

"Goodbye. I have other matters. I must see to preparations for school."

"Thank you!" Madina stood up at once.

When the Teacher had left the room, Madina again sat down in her chair and took the chador from her head. She was glad for Aysha-khanim who was addressing her intimately like a relative. It was said that men had become each other's enemies in Kabul, but it was forgotten that it was not all of them, that most of them were good men. When Habibullakhan, who overturned Amanullakhan, came to the throne, the imprisonments, shootings and hangings multiplied, and those close to the former khan were killed; and after Habibulla, Nadirshah took the throne and killed those close to the previous ruler; and after Nadirshah, his son Zahirshah ascended the throne and killed those who had done bad things in his father's time; and when Zahirshah had left the country on a trip, well, his uncle Muhammad Davud took away the throne and killed or imprisoned everyone that was close to Zahirshah...This Kabul was such a place. All right, but her husband was not a man close to either the shah or to Davud, so why did they imprison Sidqi? Madina thought about it. Her husband used to speak about the deeds taking place in the country and used to get angry. He considered all of the sovereigns bad. He always talked of a people's government, of a government which would look after the interests of the people. We, he used to say, will set up a People's Republic. In the way Sidqi thought, neither Zahirshah nor Davud were safe.

She also sensed a mood opposed to the sovereigns in the Teacher's home. She believed the Teacher's words. "Our guiding star is the party. As a party assignment, we have run around here and there and have searched for a quick solution, knowing that you have been out wandering aimlessly. Muhammad Amin Sidqi will get out of prison. He will definitely get out! You get on with your life. I said there will be a reason for my children to go to your home..."

The next morning, they brought the Singer machine on a horse-drawn cart. Little Abdurrahman and the cart driver brought the machine into the house for her. Madina patted Abdurrahman's shoulder. Although she said "Sit down and drink some tea. I'll prepare some food," they left to set off back toward the bazaar. When Little Abdurrahman came out on the street, he noticed men on the other side of the street, took money from his pocket, counted it out, and gave fifty afghanis of it to the cart driver. Like someone who had just sold his own machine, he put the money in his pocket again and set off. The cart driver understood absolutely nothing of this secret game.

Madina gave the baby to her mother, and looked over the machine. Placing it on a table, she made it turn by working her feet. She made it operate and it turned smoothly. Its needles were sharp and their eyes were ready for the white and black threads. Moreover, in a little bag there was machine oil with a crescent on the paper, some cloths, thread, and needles. She sensed that Aysha-khanim had taken excellent care of the machine. The same day, the neighbors around her came over and looked at the machine.

"Oh, God! May the hardship of Mr. Muhammad Amin turn out well. You do the right thing in thinking to do such work and not to be in need in his absence. You think well. Today's young people are very smart," said an old woman. "Five years ago, the sub-master Abdulqasim on the other side of the street was arrested. Nothing was heard of him for such a long time. His children took out and sold everything he had in the house and managed a living. Then, they scattered and went away..."

"You must have done your own cutting and sewing before, eh?" said another woman.

"Yes," Madina said. "I sew women's shirts. I sew every sort of uniform. I also sew for children..."

"Is it all right if we tell those who ask?"

"It's all right."

"God willing, may there be fortune in your life. You think very well. In our quarter, there is no seamstress. Many times we have had to resort to Darilaman Street."

"How much did you buy the machine for?"

"Two and a half thousand Afghani..."

"Oh, my! Oh, my!"

[p 111-112] "What is your husband's name?"

"Muhammad Amin Sidqi."

"Sidqi? I have not heard of such a poet. What is his crime? Why did they arrest him?"

"He has no crime! They said he killed a man and arrested him. The word concerning his innocence has spread throughout the city. Did you not hear? This is slander, they are saying. Is not the throwing into prison of an innocent man itself a crime?

The rich woman was dumbfounded when she heard these words. She was surprised to see that Madina, who seemed to be a very ordinary servant woman, had an articulate tongue and could divide men in two. She also sensed a lack of respect in regard to the palace, and that she saw things from a vulgar angle. Because both the kiblah and the Kaaba of the family of the poet Khalilulla Khalili was the palace. All the sons, daughters and sons-in-law of the poet served in high positions and important places. They called the agitators in the country, these Khalq and Parcham Parties, the "intriguers," "provocation groups," or "infidels." They said of them: "They are no party; they're the spies of the Shoravis." Because Zahirshah used to speak of this extremely populist in this way. Khalilulla Khalili had put the words spoken by Zahirshah into poetry.

"If he is not guilty, your husband will soon get out. Trust in God. Many such cases have taken place...However, don't listen to the words of any riff-raff! In Kabul bad men have multiplied more than good men. If barefoot people gain a single right, they are ungrateful for it. His Excellency Muhammad Davud established a Republic. The low-born are taking advantage of it, and resisting the government. God created the rich rich, the poor poor, and the shah the shah. Resisting the authority of God is to doubt His existence! Only infidels resist! The group called Khalq plans to distract the simple folk, and plans to make us eat pig meat! Do you agree with that!?"

Chapter XII: Sidqi Is Shot [pp 117-119]

Muhammad Amin Sidqi's beard had grown. He sat alone in the cement cell where the light never fell. A criminal without a crime! No, he said to himself, the executioners threw him in here because they knew who their enemies were. He was indeed an enemy of the Davud regime. He said: Let the Afghan peasants not be slaves and be the masters of their own lands which they labored upon. He said: Let the landowners not suck the peasant's blood like leeches. He said: Let the people be literate and know black from white. He said: Women are also people, let them not be sold like cattle...These words did not arise from a trivial policy. With these words, Sidqi and the party to which he belonged, exposed the vileness of the present regime. Without any question, he is the enemy of Davud and of Zahirshah. Having found out about this, they merely stuck on the charge of killing the child. In the cell where he lay, he also heard about the appeal of the gamblers. Those in prison hear about political events before anyone else. Yes, he is an enemy of the regime. General Taher did not refrain from any kind of low or bloodthirsty deed in his attempt to bring the Khalq Party to its knees, to cause its members to lose respect or to disappear. Lies assail them, daggers strike them in the darkness like villains. They remove the obstalces in their path to increase the wealth of the vile regime and to enlarge their glory, fame and position. They step on those good men who are not with them like ants. These people are like that! These men are also Afghans: they gave birth to them!

He expressed such words from his heart a thousand times. He stared at the walls of his damp cell and likened it to the map of Afghanistan: the winding, twisting cracks on the cement walls, the spots where the dampness seeped from the ground and became pools of moisture. The Afghan lands are abundant: paradise is here, hell is here...The rich are here, the poor are here. Some of them beg and bitterly weep for bread. Some of them sit arrogantly in their Ford cars; they put on brilliant earrings to go to the International Guest-house and toss around the thousands and thousands of afghanis. Some of them are on the throne, some of them are in the dungeon...These are the Afghans!

All of this passed through the mind of Sidqi and unfolded before his eyes. However, now he thought, not of this, but of Murad, his baby son who had just become one year old in the last two days. It was evidently a wise man who said: If a father does not hear the laughter of his one year old son, being born has no meaning. Sidqi was deprived of the charm of his beautiful Madina

and of his one year old son. Everyday he dreamed of his baby. He would appear as though he had grown up and could speak with his father, and he would say he had found his happiness. then, Madina's suffering would again make his heart sick. Because of my sins, o, God!. you rain such misfortune on her!-- he would sometimes say, clutching his chest. Muslims torment, slander and arrest each other. Is this any way to be a Muslim!? If I were to get out and return home, I would know what to do. I wouldn't be one who went about making speeches among men. I would carry a machine gun and assault the palace. I would arm the junior officers and the soldiers, and lead them against the palace. As our party has said, it is possible for us to seize freedom only through armed attack. Lenin, the great leader of the world proletariat, has said that it is impossible to establish the dictatorship of workers and peasants without armed revolution. Our Khalq Party is preparing the Afghan proletariat and the poor peasants for the struggle. I am in the first rank of this very freedom struggle. I am in the ranks of Hafizulla Amin, Shakhvale, Aslam Vatanjar, Heyyali Kattavaze, Shah-Navaz, Jalili, Jorjani, Bahrammiddin, and Nurzay! In a small cell in the prison basement, hopes of life, emotions of revenge, schemes, thoughts, and resentment would attack the minds of the dead men. In a damp room, the heart would beat wildly and clear, red blood would flow through the veins.

After three days, on the first day of the new year 1356 according to hijra (1977 Christian), at the break of dawn, the doors of the cell were thrown open with a clang. The interrogator, a dark man [barzangi?], and two other prison officials appeared in the passageway. The interrogator and the dark man who had tortured him took a few steps inside the cell and stared at Sidqi who sat in a corner. This was no thirty year old man; rather, with his beard and hair grown out, he resembled an old man in his seventies. His ribs protruded, and he had no strength to stand up.

"Criminal Sidqi, are you able to make your ablution and to recite your prayer?" the interrogator said, ogling him. "The hour of retribution has arrived! Shall they lift you by your arms and help you out?"

"No, I'll go on my own!" Sidqi said, standing up. "Don't block the door like a pig! Clear the way!" He lifted his head and began to take a step toward the door. The dark man, who had thought that Sidqi would whine and beg and not be able to stand up, was disappointed and the smile on his face disappeared. For some reason, he started to fear this brave young man. Sidqi even broke the prison rule by standing up and lifting his head high, despite the fact that they had tormented him by not giving him food on time, not letting him clean himself and not giving him medical aid. This disturbed the heart of the dark man. If all the populists in the country were like this one, then this meant it was quite impossible to fight them.

Adamkhan and Durkhani, the Afghan heroes, passed through Sidqi's mind. They also perished while struggling for Afghanistan. Sidqi took hold of himself, went out of the cell without letting them see his weakness, passed through the middle of those with machine guns, and, having taken ten to fifteen steps

in the passageway, was guided to the left. The dark man spoke, made a gesture to go ahead, and they came to the door of the basement where men are shot. The interrogator and the black man looked at one another. When they approached the door, Sidqi looked behind him at the interrogator.

"Get in there!" the dark man said.

Sidqi fell down the steps. In the long, large basement, five or six more policemen carrying machine guns stood somberly. At the front wall there were two men, one of them sat on the ground, the second stood with difficulty, leaning against the wall.

"Get over beside them!" the dark man said to Sidqi.

Sidqi went over beside them and addressed Abdulmomin, who sat slumped over, his head on the ground.

"My friend, stand up! We are not cowards!"

He lifted his head and saw Sidqi standing above him. He stood up with a groan and leaned against the wall. Mir Haji Yaqub-oghli, who stood on this side, also picked himself up a little.

"Now, on the day of judgment, we shall appear in the presence of Allah," Sidqi said. "Lift your heads high! We shall accept the end bravely. May the tyranny of the traitor Davud and the villains Taher and Rasuli disappear! Long live the Khalq Party! Long live free Afghanistan!"

On the other side of the half-dark basement, the men with machine guns stood in a row. At a sign from the dark man, they opened fire. The three men who raised their bodies erect in front of the wall suddenly slumped to the ground. The blood which streamed out of their breasts, mouths, and necks, began to flow down to a depression in the corner, forming a canal on the cement floor...

Chapter XIII: Riots in Kabul. In One Day Madina's Hair Has Turned Snow-White...

[pp 120-121] At dawn, Ayshe-khanim and her son entered Madina's house. She was extremely reserved and extremely sad. She stopped Madina, who awaited her with an open face and was about to speak to tell her that business was going well.

"I've brought very sad news. Brace yourself. It's impossible to keep the hour of death a secret..."

"What? What did you say!?"

"The government at the bloodsucker Davud has shot Muhammad Amin Sidqi."

Madina stared at the mouth of Aysha-khanim. Without saying a word, she turned pale and her eyes grew wide. After a moment, she wobbled and slumped with a thud to the floor.

"Water, give her water!" said Aysha-khanim, putting her arms about Madina lying on the floor. "Go, Abdurrahman, bring some water in a pail from inside the house. My dear Madina, open your eyes!"

The old woman heard what she said and came out to the courtyard in her bare feet.

"Water, bring some water!" said Aysha-khanim.

Both the old woman and Abdurrahman brought out water, the one in a glass, the other in a pail. Aysha-khanim took handfuls of water from the pail and splashed it in Madina's face. She had her drink some water...She regained consciousness a little.

"I wish I didn't have to say it, mother, the government of the bloodsucker Davud has shot the innocent Mr. Muhammad Amin Sidqi."

The old woman made a religious sign over her face: "God is great..."

"It's impossible to keep death secret. I have come to tell you about it and to be at your side. We were unable to free Mr. Sidqi. Mr. Sidqi was a real human being. He is a hero of our people. There is a clamor in the streets. Men, whose anger has been aroused by this murder by the government, are gathering everywhere and condemning it."

"Men?...In the streets?..." Madina asked Aysha, coming to herself.

"Yes, my dear, everyone has heard about this tragedy. Their anger has taken fire. Gamblers killed the grandson of the traitor Sadr-azam Davud. One of them must have gone and told them. They must have arrested him. However, they falsely accused and shot Sidqi and two other men in order to strike a blow against the Khalq Party. That is what is behind this. Everyone in the city has learned of this subterfuge and has become enraged."

"Now, what will I do, dear sister! Alas, I am worn out! Now, what will I do! Am I such an unfortunate person? Will my child become an orphan? What will I do now?" She clutched and tore at her breast, and began to grieve.

"Madina, my dear, don't cry!" Aysha said. "Stand up! Your husband Sidqi perished in the fight. Get hold of yourself! Take the place of your husband! He has fallen, but you are still alive. You, take the weapon that has fallen from his hand!"

"My dear sister, I will go now to the palace of Davud! I will grab him by the throat. I will pick up my child and go. I will start a fire! I...I will burn down this Kabul!"

"Madina! Give an ear to me! In the afternoon, workers of the machine factory, the printing house and the oil-extraction plant will come and assemble in the Jaddai Mayvand and Baghiumum Squares. The party is coordinating this action. Rafizulla will also be at the demonstration."

[p 121] The people needed a rallying cry. They were fed up with those who insulted them by saying they were worthless in political struggles and knew only how to eat and drink; they were degraded and their hearts were filled with suffering. Porters came from the villages in tatters and filled up the bazaars of Kabul, and especially Uzbeks, Turkmen, and Tajiks, crushed by their lack of rights, filled up the bazaars. They carried loads from morning til evening on cracked heels in the service of shopkeepers.

[p 122-124] Madina picked up her baby. She and the old woman stared at the photograph of Muhammad Amin Sidqi which stood above the heads of the men not too far from themselves.

After a while, the Teacher was lifted onto a truck. Madina realized that all of Sidqi's friends were here. On the truck, the Teacher looked out over the Baghiumum Square filled with men and took in hand the microphone on top of the little table.

"Fellow countrymen! Comrades! Sisters! We have gathered today to express our rejection of last night's murder of the innocent Muhammad Amin Sidqi, a true child of our people, and his comrades. You know that this assembly is the prayer of the true people. It is a great misfortune that the officials did not give us the body of Sidqi." Voices saying "Damn the villains! Damn the villains!" were heard among the people. "Brothers, who was Muhammad Amin Sidqi? He was a junior officer, an intellectual, a poet, and also a very honest man. He was the future of Afghanistan. Muhammad Amin Sidqi was not the kind to have killed a man, this is slander! The gamblers killed the child. Sidqi wrote articles reviling the present regime. People! He said: let the land be given to the peasants, let night schools be opened to wipe out illiteracy, let our daughters not be sold like cattle. He said: let the riches of Afghanistan not be given to foreign millionaires, let our fatherland not be put under their feet. What is evil about this? (Cries of "Damn the executioners! Damn the oppressors!" rang out.) Muhammad Amin Sidqi said: let the people live in equality, let them not be separated into social layers. What is evil about this? We will go to the palace now. Let those who are responsible for the liquidation of Sidqi and other patriots be punished! We will say: Let the government be abolished! Let Rasuli, Yusuf, Abdulaziz, Ali, and Taher be removed from their positions! Let the formation of the government be entrusted to the People's Democratic Party!: Cries of "True!" and "We approve!" rang out.

After this, the Teacher got down from the truck and came over to the banners raised among the men below. Putting the veiled Aysha-khanim, Madina and other women beside them, they passed out of the Jaddai Mayvand and Baghiumum Squares filling up the Kabul River bridge opposite the post office, and took the road

toward the Government Palace. A crowd of thousands filled the streets and bridges and marched ahead in a disorderly fashion. Traffic came to a complete standstill in the large streets of Kabul. Shops and stores, mail, telegraph and other institutions were closed. Men viewed the demonstration from the windows of some four-floored buildings, and foreigners, despite not being given police permission, stood in groups at the door of the Spencer House. Policemen knew that their strength was completely insufficient to stop the crowd and that, if they took any further action, they would be unable to control the angry people. Showing themselves in name only, they stood silently on both sides of the streets.

The people flowed toward the Government Palace.

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Not long after that, a sudden burst of machine guns was heard from the direction of the palace. Men panicked and began running in every direction. Knowing they could expect the worst from Davud, who fired on unarmed men first and asked questions later, the demonstrators scattered. After several hours, the streets and squares around the palace became silent and empty. But near the palace in the middle of the street, the bodies of five or six people lay on the ground.

Madina, embracing her child, along with her mother and Ayshe-khanim, arrived at her house. They caught their breath here. They had Abdurrahman take the old woman home while Madina, on the advice of Ayshe-khanim and the Teacher, stayed this night at their house. They had figured it the best thing to do, so that the foolish "Little Napoleon" would not cause any harm to come to Sidqi's child. Because such words had apparently issued from his mouth. The Teacher telephoned and said he had reached the home of friends safe and sound. Members of the Khalq Party, especially military men, went to their own homes after this demonstration, loaded their pistols and lay ready. Khalq members on this day spoke with one another by telephone. If members of the party's Central Committee began to be arrested, they decided it would be necessary to hide the leaders and temporarily go underground.

Chapter XIV: Beginning Today...

[p 126] On the same day that the demonstration was held in Kabul, an extraordinary session of the Central Committee of the People's Democratic Party took place at night in the Khushkhalkhan quarter in the Teacher's house. At midnight, Shakhvale, Said Muhammad Gulabzay, Aslam Vatanjar, Abdul Qadir, Asadulla, Bahramiddin, Katavaze, Nurzay, Babrak Shinvari, Jorjani, and others arrived at his home. The session went on for several hours. To Hafizulla was assigned the task of drawing up the plan for an armed attack against the Davud regime and of submitting this plan to the Central Committee for confirmation. The rapid unfolding of political events in the country was taken into consideration, and to Hafizulla Amin was assigned the task of having the draft of the plan ready to be shown to the Central Committee in four hours time, that is, at nine o'clock the next morning.

Chapter XV: The April Revolution [pp 126-138]

Two months passed. Rumors of insurrection died down considerably. Rejection of the Davud government increased among the people. Reflecting this, the leaders of the People's Democratic Party, who were gaining respect from day to day, began to frighten the government. It was planned to arrest them one night and thereby to stifle the progressive thought they were advancing. The lives of the leaders of the Khalq Party hung by a hair. On 26 April (1978), at midnight, a group of secret police officers burst into the home of Nurmuhammad Taraki. Putting handcuffs on his arms, they began to ransack the rooms. They turned the neat, clean rooms upside down and, like cattle, tracked up the carpets with the mud off their boots. They pulled out the books and manuscripts lined up on the shelves and threw them around. They pushed Taraki's wife and put her on the other side of the room.

"You're not officers. You're more disgraceful than the robbers and brigands in the Argandekh badlands!" said the handcuffed Nurmuhammad Taraki angrily. "What right do you have to threaten and rough up a woman!"

"Don't talk rubbish, just sit down and shut up!" an officer said. "Wouldn't you prefer to ask for a parting word with your wife instead of getting all heated up? We advise it..."

"No, this person is not that type!" said another policeman. "There's no use talking with this fellow. He's a sly fox. Beginning from the time he served in Karachi and later in New York, I've been occupied with this individual. And now he's fallen into the trap. His day is done...Like those who think they will teach common sense to an old fool, the words we're speaking to him are lost in the wind. Now, after that black man tortures him good in prison, in the seventh hell, then he'll get wise."

"You! It's impossible to expect any other words from Davud's vultures," said an angry Taraki. "I'm not planning to run away. And I didn't shoot you, even though my weapon was ready."

Then, seeing the bestial way they were addressing him, Taraki's wife became infuriated. The policeman standing beside her struck her once on her raised arm with his revolver. The blood flowed from her arm onto her face and shirt and the officer's collar.

"Blackguards!" said Taraki, raising his handcuffed arm. "You'll answer for this blood!"

The police officers found the books of Karl Marx and V.I. Lenin on the shelves and looked at Taraki with a smirk. They put in a bag several stacks of manuscripts, books and photographs. The chandelier in the room and all the table-lamps there and in the other rooms were lit. They entered the cellar, the attic, even the alcoves, and carried out their search. Close to dawn, the police officers covered Taraki's head with a cloth, grabbed him tightly by

both arms, and took him out to the car standing by the gate. Despite the fact that there was no one else on the street besides the police officers, they covered his face so that no one would see him, and took him to prison. A pack of dogs, seeing the policemen and the black car, chased after it.

At the same time, four other groups of secret police had raided the homes of four other members of the Central Committee. Hafizulla Amin was among them. Madina (she had been helping out Ayshe-khanim for the past week) saw two cars come up to the street door and stop, then the light of some sort of flashlight climbing the wall and dropping into the courtyard. She stood up at once, threw a shawl over her head, and tapped at the door of the room where Abdurrahman lay asleep. She went inside without waiting, shook him with her hand, and woke him up.

"Abdurrahman! Abdurrahman! Get up, my brother! Suspicious men are at the door! Go in and tell your mommie and daddy!"

Abdurrahman opened his eyes first, got up, and then it came to him what Madina had said. He ran into an inner room and informed his father and mother that either robbers or the police were at the door. Hafizulla jumped up. He opened the door of a book case and nervously put his hand behind the books. He took a carefully folded thin paper over to the writing table, wrote something on it, and gave it to his son. "Hold on tightly to this. Go into the children's room and lie down as though you're asleep. Find the right moment and give it to Madina. No matter what, at the crack of dawn, have her cover her head with her chador and deliver this letter to Said Muhammad Gulabzay. This is a very important job. Do you understand?" "I understand." Abdurrahman then went into his own room and lay down on his bed. He pulled the quilt over his head. In his palm was the "extremely important document." When three or four minutes had passed, the police jumped down from the walls like thieves and burst into the house. They pounded on the door of the inner room. One could see in the moonlight that they had black revolvers in their hands. Madina stood by the window of the room watching, her heart throbbing. It was the second time she had seen such a horrible scene. Indeed, Hafizulla Amin was arrested like Muhammad Amin Sidqi. Indeed, Sadr-azam was the dragon who consumed these noble men.

These policemen handcuffed the arms of Hafizulla who had still not finished putting on his clothes when they entered the room. They put him on a chair in the corner of the room and began to search it. Policemen stood in the courtyard, at the doors, in the street...Ayshe-khanim was very frightened and stood trembling in a corner of the room. Abdurrahman lay "asleep" with the folded paper in his hand, watching the policemen from inside the quilt. He put out of his mind that there was a revolver in the drawer of the writing table and waited for his father's signal.

The search continued for a very long time. Dawn began to break. Abdurrahman went out to the courtyard, took the bucket and put it in Madina's hand. He handed her the folded finely made paper as he gave her the handle of the

bucket. "Bring some water back, but first go for the milk..." he said, also giving "the servant woman" a white milk can. Then he spoke again: "Leave the bucket under the faucet and go for the milk first..." A policeman stood listening to these words. Abdurrahman purposely glanced at the policeman and produced a ten afghani bill with Davud's picture on it. So that the policeman would see, he purposely dropped the bill on the ground. Then, as they walked away, he whispered to Madina: "My father said you must deliver this letter quickly to the home of Mr. Said Muhammad Gulabzay. Forget everything else and do this! This is important!" Madina said she understood and straightened the chador on her head. Without arousing the suspicion of the policemen standing in the courtyard, she picked up her baby in one hand, the bucket and milkcan in the other, and went out to the street. She set down the bucket beside the faucet of the waterpipe opposite the gate, and, swinging the milk can, she set off for the "milk." The baby's crying was beginning to irritate the policemen. They wished the "maid" would leave the courtyard and that the sound of the crying baby would go away.

Madina, holding her fatherless baby, went through the narrow streets at dawn, breathing hard and stumbling over the bumpy ground, pushing herself through the dirt streets. With her heart lamenting and twittering like a bird whose nest has been entered by a snake, she took her worried steps through the streets of old Kabul. She hurried on, risking her life every instant. The folded paper was at her bosom. This paper was for her as authentic as the word of God, it was higher than her only child in her arms. She hustled along, holding the paper against her breast with the hand that held the swinging milkcan so that it would not fall, saying a prayer that begins "There is no God but God, praise be to him...", breathing hard on her child, on the document, on herself. Indeed, the best people in Afghanistan live in fear and suffer such misfortunes! She said to herself that the simple folk would see a bright day.

Madina felt that delivering this letter was her revolutionary duty, that the life of the party to which her husband Muhammad Amin Sidqi belonged, and the lives of thousands of people, hung by a thread.

At the present moment it was impossible for anyone else but her to deliver this document to Said Muhammad Gulabzay. Abdurrahman had told her that if there were policemen at the house of Mr. Gulabzay, then she had to carry it to His Excellency Faqir Muhammad who lived in the quarter next to this one. When dawn broke, Madina wrapped the chador around her face and pressed on. Sidqi, who stood clutching his bloody chest, appeared before her eyes. There was dark-red blood on his white shirt. The bullets shot by the policemen had killed him. He died saying: I will build a new Afghanistan, an Afghanistan without tyrants, without murderers, without unfit men like the usurer Imam Ruhilla. He was against Davud, Zahirshah, and all, <u>all</u> sovereigns. Now his spirit, Sidqi's apparition, appeared as though it were following behind Madina. She heard a voice calling in her ears, saying something like: "My dear one, my love, my one and only Madina, deliver the document at your breast to General Gulabzay. Were I in my own body and not a spirit, I would help you. I would take the milkcan in your hand and my baby, and I would run side by side

with you. I cannot do that, I am a dead man. I am only a spirit. I am looking at you and watching you, but I cannot appear before you. I go through the air. I fly around you and my little baby as a night butterfly. I will stay around you until the day of judgment, I won't go away. Those who say the spirit soars into the sky tell a lie, for I am spirit now. I won't go anywhere else than the Afghan soil. I will stay around you, my loved ones, in the land where I was born and grew up. I will see that you are in good health and be happy. If you get sick, if you are hungry, if you suffer I will suffer too, and be around you in the air. I will fly over the Afghan soil. I, my dear one, am an apparition. Your Muhammad Amin has turned into a spirit that is invisible to the eye. I know what is in your heart, your plans, in the thoughts you think. However, no sound comes out of me. I have neither hands nor feet, I am spirit...I see and I know all things. I fly in a circle above the heads of you and my child. However, I cannot press you, my dear ones, to my breast. I cannot talk to you. I will be above you and my child until the day of judgment. If you are at peace, I will take delight in this. If you are disturbed, I will be at your sides. If you are sick, I will sit by your head until dawn and ask God that you get well. If you are disturbed, I will run behind you, step by step, kissing your footprints. I came into the world and, just when I found you, my loved one, they killed me. Without caring at all about your unhappiness! If my Afghanistan continues to groan like this at the hands of its oppressors, I will runabout like one possessed until the day of judgment. I will not rest for a single moment. My dear, my Madina, if it means your life, deliver this letter!" Madina took succour from the spirit of Sidqi and quickened once more her steps. Whether it was because the spirit of her husband calmed him or because he heard his father's voice, the baby remained asleep in his mother's arms. He slept peacefully so as not to trouble his mother as she pressed on. Perhaps he sleeps to gather strength, to grow up and be worthy of the task facing tomorrow's Afghanistan. Perhaps he sees the true dawn of Afghanistan...

Madina reached the splendid gate of General Said Muhammad Gulabzay. She threw it open, almost breaking its chain, and went straight inside, ignoring the commotion of the huge barking dog. The baby in her arms woke up. She rushed inside, ignoring the servant who stood in her way. The lady of the house, looking down from the window at the servant, who was stunned and was calling this woman a lunatic, made a gesture to "let her inside at once!" Madina was taken up the stairs and, the moment she was inside, an old woman and the general confronted her.

"This paper is for you, sir!" said Madina, with her tongue stuck to her mouth.

At once, they had her sit down in a chair, and took the milk can and the child from her hands. The woman brought some water and had Madina drink it. When she had recovered a little, she covered her face with her chador and told the bald old general that at midnight the police had raided the home of Hafizulla--the Teacher--and that his son Abdurrahman had told her to bring this paper quickly to him.

"You are the wife of the deceased Sidqi, are you not?" asked Said Muhammad Gulabzay.

"I am."

"Muhammad Amin Sidqi is a hero of the Afghan people," said the General. He opened the folded paper and ran his eye over it. He had his wife fill up Madina's milk can with milk, and then directed Madina to return to Hafizulla--the Teacher--, to be careful and to not step one foot out into the street if there was a single person there. As Madina suckled her child, Gulabzay went quickly into the inner room and telephoned someone. His words went something like "the weather is cloudy, his blood pressure is a little high... he plans to call a doctor..."

Madina and the general's wife walked side by side through the courtyard and reached the gate. Seeing the chained dog lying in a corner of the courtyard did not worry her. The woman looked to see that there were no suspicious people on the street and calmly sent Madina out through the gate. Child in one hand, full milk can in the other, Madina walked back toward the house of Hafizulla. She reached Khushkhalkhan quarter and, from a distance, saw the police car still standing by the Teacher's door. She went into the house carrying the child, the milk can, and the bucket of water which someone had filled beneath the water faucet opposite the door and set aside. Two arrogant dark policemen stood eyeing Madina, but they didn't take the water from her hand. Abdurrahman ran out from the terrace and took the water and milk can from the hands of the "servant." Madina calmly said: "I gave it to their hands." Abdurrahman took the water and milk inside without making a sound.

Several hours passed. They took Hafizulla--the Teacher--, in handcuffs, out to the car by the door. One after the other, the other policemen came out carrying books, various manuscripts and notebooks in several sacks. In the courtyard, Hafizulla stopped for a moment and looked at his wife, son, younger brother, nephew, and at Madina standing on the terrace: "It's impossible to destroy the truth. The truth will certainly prevail. Don't be sad. If God wishes, I will return."

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At that moment, Said Muhammad Gulabzay telephoned General Aslam Vatanjar: "Are you listening, sir? An hour ago, the Teacher was arrested. Inform Faqir Muhammad and Abdul Qadir quickly! Tell them about this! They should telephone others. Have the two of them come to my house quickly. They must come secretly. It's impossible to put off this business."*

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*"Saurskaya revolyutsiya," Kabul, 1978, p 24.

In an hour, two military figures arrived at Gulabzay's house in their cars. Because they were pressed for time, they did not disguise themselves very much. Gulabzay quickly showed them the document Hafizulla had sent. At the top of the first page of the four sheets of thin paper, he had written the following:

"To the members of the Central Committee of the Khalq Party! Today, 26 April, the police arrested during the night some comrades of the leaders of the party's Central Committee. In order not to let the opportunity slip away, we must begin the revolutionary attack tomorrow, 27 April, at 9 o'clock in the morning.*

Signature. (H. Amin)."

"PLAN OF THE ARMED ATTACK.

The command is designated as follows:

1. Comrade Aslam Vatanjar is directed to be commander of the land based troops.
2. Comr. Abdul Qadir--commander of the military air forces.
3. Comr. Aslam Vatanjar, Sherjan Mazduryar and Asaddulla Payyam are directed to be commanders of the 4th Tank Brigade.
4. Comr. Abdul Majid and Mustafa--commanders of the 15th Tank Brigade Formation (soedinenie).
5. Comr. Agha Muhammad--chief of the guard.
6. Comr. Muhammad Ali--commander of the 7th Guard (Rishkhar).
7. Comr. Alauddin--commander of the 8th Division (Karga).
8. Comr. Muhammad Dost--commander of the 32nd Regiment.
9. Comr. Shayh Ahmad--commander of the 88th Artillery Brigade.
10. Comr. Shah Havaz--commander of "commando" units (soedinenie).
11. Comr. Sharafiddin--commander of parachutists.
12. Comr. Nikmuhammad--chief of military police.
13. Comr. Sardar Muhammad--chief of Pule Charkhe workshop (masterskaya).
14. Comr. Inzer Gal--chief of staff of defense ministry.
15. Comr. Bahram--commander of 11th Nangarkhar Division.
16. Comr. Nazar Muhammad--commander of Khoja Ravash airport.
17. Comr. Hashim--commander of Bahram airport.
18. Comr. Bahram--commander of Shindan airfield.
19. Comr. Azan--commander of Balkhas airfield.
20. Comr. Mir Najibulla--commander of Kandahar airfield.
21. Comr. Abdul Haq--commander of air defense forces.
22. Comr. Ali Shah is directed to be the commander of the 99th Anti-Aircraft Rocket Brigade.

The comrades whose names appear above will be in communication with their fellow party members according to the following rule:

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*"Sauraskaya revolyutsiya," Kabul, 1978, p 25.

All officers who are members of the Khalq Party must stand ready in their places at 8 o'clock in the morning, 27 April, and await their commander's order concerning the necessity for a general revolutionary attack at 9 o'clock. Aslam Vatanjar will give this order at a rally to take place in the tank brigade. Two tanks must quickly take the road to the Khoja Ravash airport. Comrade Gulabzay will await them here. Comrade Abdul Qadir must fly to the Bahram airport in a helicopter. After establishing contact with Colonel Hashim, he must relieve General Sakhi from command and, at the order of Hashim, organize the take-off of the airplanes. After this task is carried out, Abdul Qadir must quickly return to Khoja Ravash in his helicopter and must assume command of the military air forces!

Other units must take action as follows:

1. Armored tank units must first assume control of "Radio Afghanistan" and Kabul, and then open fire on the palace.
2. The anti-aircraft battery around Kabul must encircle the 7th and 8th Divisions defending the palace on the side of Davud.
3. If those who defend the Davud regime turn up in other units, we must at the same time be prepared to block the road of these units and encircle them.
4. At the order, units shall stand ready to strike a destructive blow against counterrevolutionary forces."*

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The paper consisting of four folded sheets which Madina, child in one hand, milk can in the other, had held to her breast and brought trembling in the dawn, was the plan of the Afghanistan Revolution. Said Muhammad Gulabzay showed the revolution plan to Faqir Muhammad and General Abdul Qadir who had come to his house. They looked at each other in silence.

"The Central Committee drew up this plan," Gulabzay said. "I have news. It is obvious that present conditions demand the commencement of military actions against the palace tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock. Are there any thoughts on this?"

"We are ready," Faqir Muhammad said. "There is no other way. Not to commence revolutionary action means destruction."

"I am also of this view," General Abdul Qadir said. "Let us move according to the master plan. Some modifications along the way are possible..."

After a brief discussion, they went back out the door, got in their cars and dispersed. However, from that moment, they used the telephone to put into operation exceptional measures...calling up and dispatching trusted people.

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*"Saurskaya revolyutsiya," Kabul, 1978, p 31.

They made sure they understood that their first duty was to ensure that the spies of Davud and General Taher remained completely unaware of their activities. "We cannot imperil the revolution! There is no room for us in the airplane to flee! Either revolution or death!" Hafizulla Amin had added this in his own writing at the bottom of the plan. Gulabzay and Abdul Qadir and Faqir Muhammad recognized that he had written it in his own hand. The revolution plan was at once reproduced in three copies which were secretly sent to Heyyal Muhammad Katavaze, Salih Muhammad, and Zarif. At dawn, 27 April, they met at a place called Deh Mazang. They had to talk over a few matters connected to the military attack that would begin in a few hours...*

27 April, twenty minutes before 9 in the morning...

Kabul woke up early as usual. The sun spread everywhere, people started moving in the Kappan, Labi Darya and Chandavel bazaars, on the Jaddai Mayvand, Darulaman and Nadirshah streets. The shops became crowded. In front of the shops, the sharp cries of children were heard, saying: "Boru begir! Beforma begir!..." (??) Cloth merchants, sellers of Japanese transistor radios, porters with heavy loads on their backs, were completely unaware of the skirmishes that would presently break out. But the metayers, the bankrupt shopkeepers, the workers, the foreign peasants who came from the steppes, and the women who filled up these bazaars, prayed to God and waited for the good life. And they believed that God himself would hand out this good life to everyone on a golden tray.

Within twenty minutes, Aslam Vatanjar, Said Muhammad Gulabzay, Heyyal Katavaze, Abdul Qadir, Faqir Muhammad, Sherjan Mazduryar, and Asadulla, made their preparations very calmly and very thoroughly. The children of Hafizulla Amin sat mourning in their overturned and humiliated home. Grief is the closest friend of the Afghan people; they have learned a lot from each other.

The majority of Afghans would just throw their cloak over their shoulders and go along dragging their feet, because "this must be what life is like." However, there are also those who chase worldly pleasure, who drive around drunk in their Mercedes, who throw away thousands of afghanis for a moment's pleasure. The destitute and poor, the rich and prosperous, the wretched and oppressed, the haughty and aristocratic, this is Afghanistan!

Some are shahs, some are hoboes in this beautiful country. The Khalq Party plans to lead the people toward equality, literacy, freedom, property rights, and the happiness of international brotherhood (...). This great task is not easy. Those who lead pay for it. Thus, Hafizulla--the Teacher—was taken off in handcuffs. Muhammad Amid Sidqi was shot...These two passed through the minds of Madina and Ayshe-khanim as they sat on the divan in a room of the home which had been turned upside down. The baby, who was suckling

*"Saurskaya revolyutsiya," Kabul, 1978, p 33.

soundlessly at his mother's breast, looked at Madina and then at Ayshe-khanim and laughed. Madina got angry. She stared at the baby: "Oh, grow up! Why do you laugh! Look at him!" she said, confused. She got angry again: "He is such an ill-starred child, isn't he? Look at him!" Ayshe-khanim rebuked Madina: "Don't talk like that! This infant was born to be happy. If only his laughter would turn into a grown-up's laughter...A baby doesn't laugh for no reason, Madina. Oh, God, may his laughter be true!"

Just at that moment, something like thunder shook the windows and caused some dirt to fall from the ceiling beams. Then, the sounds of two or three more thunderclaps were heard. Madina and Ayshe-khanim unconsciously stood up. Besides these cannon roars, the scatterbursts of machine guns and the crackling sound of rifles began to be heard clearly. Madina took the laughing child in her arms and went out into the courtyard. Ayshe, Abdurrahman, and the others, went outside after her. The baby clung to his mother's breast and lay there curled up in a ball. He had been very frightened by the thunder. This thunder was better than that which came with the rain that the peasant waited for in Spring when his wheat was drying up. Like peasants who run around, leaping up and down and getting soaked in the pouring rain, Abdurrahman and Madina now rushed to get rifles and go out into the streets.

"Dear sister, take my child," Madina said, looking in the eyes of Ayshe-khanim with a plea. "Give me the rifle! I beg you. The time to take vengenace on the enemies of Muhammad Amin Sidqi has come. Blood for blood, life for life!"

"No, I cannot give you the rifle!"

"If you don't, I'll go out with an axe!"

"Impossible! You're not leaving the house!" Ayshe said in a stern voice. You, Abdurrahman, won't go outside either! The whole action will proceed according to the plan of the Central Committee. Arbitrary action will spell harm for the revolution. Every move has been thought out. Hafizulla has said so. Now, the military is starting the attack, overturning Davud, and taking the state in hand. After that, there will be plenty of work for you and I to do. My dear Madina, do you know what document you carried to the home of General Gulabzay? You don't know. Now, are you listening? You delivered the revolution plan. You did a great deed. It was fortunate that this document did not fall into the hands of the enemy. Now, it's our duty to give shelter should our neighbors panic, and to prevent chaos."

Madina took her child in her arms and stood stiffly in the middle of the courtyard.

The sounds of thundering, artillery and machine guns began to grow stronger. Shells flew humming over their courtyard. Now and then machine gun bullets fell clattering on the iron roofs.

After several hours, the droning of airplanes in the sky was also heard.

Abdurrahman heard hard fighting going on near the Nadirshah and Jaddai Mayvand, the Palace and the Post Office, and two units firing at each other from both sides of the Kabul River.

Davud's supporter, Defense Minister, Lt.-General Ghulam Haydar Rasuli had become tired sitting at the banquet in the palace last night. He had planned to sleep until eleven o'clock today. However, the roar of cannon woke him at nine o'clock. He appeared in the courtyard in his underwear in front of the adjutant who drew himself up straight as a sword. He pinched the adjutant's shoulder. The adjutant made as though to say "It's military exercises going on." This didn't seem like an "exercise" to the Defense Minister. At that moment, the telephone rang. He picked up his pants, walked in and picked up the receiver.

"Hello?"

"It's me. What's going on?"

"I'm surprised, Your Excellency Sadr-azam!" said the old general falteringly to President Davud. "The 12th Division had planned to conduct military exercises, that's what it is..."

"An attack on the palace has begun. Men with machine guns are firing on the banks of the Kabul River. The 7th Division and Yaqubi are defending the palace. General, you're insane! Run to the 8th Division right now and bring it to help. It'll be too late in an hour. Good luck!" Davud slammed down the receiver.

Taken aback, the Defense Minister pointed his fist at his adjutant standing in the old general's courtyard, and began to dress hastily.

"Well, let's get going! Military revolt is being lauched, man. Don't you know that!? We have been here ignorant of it!" They got into the car waiting at the gate. "What general betrayed us!? Traitor! I'll shoot him! I'll cut him to pieces!"

"Where shall we go?" the adjutant asked the Defense Minister after a moment. "To the ministry?"

"No, to the 8th Division!"

The car sped away and went out to the edge of Kabul. It was going so fast that if a man would have stood in the road it would have thought nothing of just running him down. After fifteen minutes. General Rasuli made a turn to the left before reaching Khoja Ravash, and here he entered the headquarters of the 8th Division which was standing ready. At that moment, 8th Division tanks had begun to crawl toward the city and the palace. Where the Kabul River enters the city, they clashed with the units of General Vatanjar and Mazduryar. A fierce fight broke out between them. Because the 7th Division

was firmly defending the palace, at 12 o'clock Aslam Vatanjar communicated with Abdul Qadir and ordered him to begin an air attack on the Government Palace and to drop a few bombs. At 15 minutes after 12, two of the four planes in flight over Kabul dove upon the Government Palace and dropped two bombs. The powerful trembling was felt by Madina and Ayshe-khanim sitting in Hafizulla's courtyard. Going up to the roof, Abdurrahman heard the skirmishes taking place around the quiet palace and told those below everything that was happening.

After those two powerful bombs had exploded, Aslam Vatanjar poured fire on the tanks in front of him and took the road toward the palace. Abdurrahman, standing on the roof, and Madina, standing in the courtyard with her baby in her arms and ready to go out into the street, could not see this movement. The speeding tanks, one after the other, crashed through the palace gate and forced their way inside. These two tanks and the two bombs dropped by the airplanes had solved the problem of Davud. The 7th and 8th Divisions scattered, and General Vatanjar's units surrounded the palace. The skirmish stopped in an instant. The General assigned two soldiers to a junior officer named Imamiddin and had them go in to Davud. He directed them to take him prisoner and, after that, to stop fighting.

Imamiddin entered the palace and confronted Davud. However, Davud got off a shot from his revolver and wounded the officer.

Events reached this point. Now, listen to the words of the leaders of the revolution:

Later, after the palace was besieged and taken by those who had made the revolution successful, the People's Democratic Party, a group of officers, led by Asadulla Payyam and Heyyal Katavaze, immediately ran toward the city's prisons. From two o'clock up to four, they went around the several prisons, opening the steel doors of cells and looking for leaders who had been arrested. They found the party leaders in the interior cells of the prison situated on the outskirts of Kabul where people accused of the lowest and most serious crimes were thrown and shot to death. The young officers took them out and up the steps. They put them in the car which stood waiting in the prison yard, and took them to the "Radio Afghan" building. This place was Smolniy, the headquarters of the revolution. Along the way, Heyyal Katavaze had them drink some tea from a thermos and offered them some biscuits. The revolutionary soldiers surrounded the car in which the leaders rode. Very many political prisoners were freed. Leadership of revolutionary activities began to be conducted from the "Radio Afghan" building...

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Now, we once more move to the situation inside the palace.

The officer Imamiddin who had come to confront Davud in the great lavish room where ministers and noted state figures were received, and to call for him to surrender, collapsed on the rug severely wounded by the bullet shot by Davud.

However, the fellow officers of Imamiddin who saw what Davud intended to do at that same instant ripped off several rounds from their machine guns and killed Davud. The dragon fell to the carpet, twisted once or twice, blood came out of his mouth, and he gave up the ghost. A soldier lifted Imamiddin from the carpet. Then, in other rooms of the palace, yells, shouts and the sounds of bullets bursting from machine guns were heard. The wounded Imamiddin and two fellow soldiers opened the doors of the inner room and looked in. The walls were covered with blood. In the inner rooms, Davud's wife, daughters, grandchildren and small son lay lifeless. In still another room lay his daughter-in-law and foolish son Sulayman, "Little Napoleon," with the tip of his gun pointed at his son, opening his mouth and dying. As it became known, after Muhammad Davud realized that the thing was hopeless, he had ordered his oldest son Sulayman: "Our day is done now. So that we do not fall into the hands of our enemy and die a humiliating death, kill my whole family by your own hand! Then, shoot yourself, too! I will kill myself! That is the wish of God!" His mother wept bitterly: "Don't shoot your little sisters, don't shoot the children, they are innocent!" However Sulayman, "Little Napoleon," ripped off shots with his machine gun, and shot first his mother, then his younger sisters who stood against the wall weeping and pleading, his own seven year old daughter, his wife, his younger brother, all of them, and then shot himself. (Later on, as some noted state figures said, he did what Goebbels, one of the fascists, had done. Oh! Lawyers spoke about his education being like that of fascists, about this young man being pushed to ascend to the top of the state, about God looking after Afghanistan.)

The fate of the Davuds was exactly like this. The blood of man sprayed upon the gilded paint on the walls of the Government Palace. The traces of the lead bullets which dug into the walls still are there.

***

Toward 7 o'clock that night, the revolution was victorious. Skirmishes stopped, the airplanes high in the sky also landed at the airport. The heavy roar of canon grew quiet. With the cessation of military activities, men began to flow spontaneously into the Baghiumum Square which was not far from the palace. The Jaddai Mayvand, Labidarya, Muhammadkhan and Nadirshah streets were filled with men. Some young men from among these people climbed up on telephone poles (...?), connected the broken electric wires, and threw down the portraits of Davud which had been nailed up over the office buildings on the edges of the square. They brought over two trucks that were there and threw carpets over the beds. The leader of the "April Revolution" came out of the "Radio Afghan" building, this two-storied beautiful building which was the headquarters of the revolution, went through the middle of the men and set off toward Baghiumum on foot. Because General Said Muhammad Gulabzay and several superior officers had been wounded, they had been sent to the hospital. There was a single cry on the lips of everyone: Long live the April Revolution!", "Long live the Khalq Party!"

***

On 26 April, in one of the Kabul taverns, Mr James Stanley sat engrossed, watching "his own work producing results," drinking cognac with his friends here, and speaking clever words. He knew exactly, as though he saw it on television, the arrests which were taking place in the Afghan capital. However, at nine o'clock in the morning, the roar of cannon, the bursts of machine guns, and the shrill sound of war planes in the sky like a bee that has flown right into the bottom of the ear, had frightened him. At once he telephoned here and there, but there was no answer. He telephoned the Government Palace, but the telephones were mute. He saw by standing hidden behind the window that all the telephone wires had been cut, that rumbling tanks were passing in front of the embassy, and that from time to time there was deafening shooting. It being impossible for a man to go outside, embassy workers closed tight their doors. With the aim of making it even more clear that this was the embassy of a foreign state, they put out the window still a second flag of their country.

Toward eleven o'clock, he knew that this was a revolution, an overthroving of the state. Later in the day, he heard that the Davuds had died. He also saw that in the Baghiumum and other squares and large streets, the people were demonstrating their freedom by raising red flags, and that the revolution was fully victorious.

After a week, when the Khoja Ravash airport was opened and it became possible for foreigners to leave, he set off from Kabul in the first Boeing that flew in. Only his own embassy advisers saw him off.

When Mr. Stanley reached his own country, he gave an interview to a newspaper correspondent in which he said: "The life of the government which has surfaced as a result of the overthrov which they call the April Revolution in Afghanistan will not last more than three or four months. Revolution is not compatible with the nature of the Afghans. Islam will not accept revolution or equality. Their Allah created the landowner to own land and the land renter to rent land..."

However, the newspaper "The April Revolution" did not remain ignorant of these provocative words. It printed an article under the title "The Devil Djadjal Has Left Our Country," and likened Mr. Stanley to the devil Djadjal. The paper wrote that the Djadjal went outside on the day of judgment, mounted the donkey backwards, distracted the people, and seduced them down the wrong road. Men were fooled by the trick of this Djadjal, sold their tents, forsook their religion, and abandoned themselves to evil deeds. They lost all their senses and became the Djadjal's slaves. The Djadjal sucked up the country's wealth. This very same Djadjal was chased out of Afghanistan...

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After the organizers and leaders of the revolution reached Baghiumum Square, they got up on the rostrum created by putting the two trucks side by side. The people flowed like a river, filled the square, and swayed like a sea.

Applause in honor of the People's Democratic Party and its leaders, slogans and cries, clapping hands raised high, endless congratulations, all of these made known their expressions of joy. Thousands of soldiers and junior officers among the men, with guns on their shoulders, applauded the April Revolution. A few hours before, these soldiers had fought by the Kabul River. They had still not finished gathering up the bodies of the soldiers who perished near the Palace and the Post Office, on the banks of the river, or on the bridge.

After a moment of silence, Hafizulla Amin, who stood anxiously playing with his fingers, took two steps forward till he was beside the microphone. The people, swaying like a sea, fell silent in an instant.

"Comrades! The revolution led by the People's Democratic Party is victorious!" he said.

Suddenly, shouts of "Hooray!" rang out.

"May the souls of those sacrificed be in paradise. They dedicated their lives on the Fatherland's road to freedom. Afghanistan is free from the oppression of centuries. We, we have been struggling for thirteen years so that people will not be taken advantage of by people, for equal rights, for putting an end to illiteracy, against foreigners plundering the fatherland's riches. We will go on struggling in order to put these aims into effect. The contribution of the whole oppressed people to the success of the April Revolution, of the children of this people, of the workers, peasants, and the military, is great. Here, beside us, stands a woman with a child wrapped in her chador. This woman is the wife of the ardent revolutionary, the deceased Muhammad Amin Sidqi. Her contribution to the success of the April Revolution is also great. When we were handcuffed and taken off to prison, the wife of the revolutionary Sidqi delivered to the hands of the right men the document on which was written the plan of the revolution. Had she been unable to deliver it, this victory would have been imperiled. She is not only the wife of the hero Sidqi, she is an Afghan mother. She is a hero of the people! [Pushto: modari kahramoni khalqi mo.]

From the men who stood swaying like a sea, shouts of "Hooray!" rang out again. "Long live the people's hero!", "Long live free Afghanistan!" [In Pushto.]

However, at that moment, one of the windows of a multistoried tall building on the edge of Baghiumum was slowly opened. No one was aware of it. It was possible to think that it was just the Kabul wind playing around. Unexpectedly, a bullet was unleashed. Men looked in the direction in which shot flashed. Then, the sound of another bullet was heard. One of the party figures standing beside Hafizulla Amin clutched his chest and fell. The second bullet reached another person standing on the rostrum and wounded him. However, he leaned on a friend beside him and did not fall.

Then, several armed revolutionary soldiers standing at the edge of the square, with red bands on their sleeves, went into the building at a run. Hafizulla Amin came to the microphone and addressed the people at the rally. He calmed them, saying: "Don't panic! The enemies of the revolution are being taken in hand right now." No sooner had ten minutes passed than the armed soldiers came out of the door of the tall building dragging a black man with his head bare and his collar unbuttoned. Another revolutionary youth had picked up his sniper's rifle. This individual was that same dark man in the secret police who was an executioner. He had intended to shoot the leaders of the revolution. It was he who had shot with his own hand Muhammad Amin Sidqi. It later became known that he had first fled to Jalalabad, then via the village to Kunar to Peshawar, and that Police General Taher had assigned this dark man to make an attempt on the lives of the leaders of the April Revolution.

Madina looked at this murderer as they were bringing the dark man with his hands tied behind him over close to the rostrum. It was he who came to their home at midnight and took her husband to prison. She had seen this dark man among the police who came to Hafizulla's home.

Hafizulla Amin and other forerunners of the April Revolution had been humiliated over the centuries. Woman is a half of everything, it has been said. They did not take their eyes off the Afghan mothers beside them. This woman within the chador had taken part in the working out of the country's destiny. In the conditions of Afghanistan, this act in itself was an act of heroism.

Madina, with her baby in her arms wrapped in the chador, stood back a little. She could not take her eyes off the people, swaying like a sea.

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TADZHIK-AFGHAN CULTURAL RELATIONS SURVEYED

Dushanbe AKHBOROTI AKADEMIYAI FANHOI RSS TOJIKISTON in Russian No 4, Apr 79 pp 11-14

[Article by D. R. Davlyatov of the Institute of History, Tadzhik SSR Academy of Sciences: "From the History of the Development of Cultural Cooperation between the USSR and the Democratic Republic of Afghanistan"]

[Text] The establishment of friendly Soviet-Afghan relations is ineradicably associated with the name of the Founder of the Soviet state, V. I. Lenin, who ascribed great significance to the establishment of friendly relations with the neighboring states of the East, and among these Afghanistan. In his report to the 7th All-Russian Congress of Soviets (December, 1920), V. I. Lenin, enumerating the successes of Soviet foreign policy in the East, also pointed to the friendly relations which were being established with Afghanistan.[1] A Soviet-Afghan agreement of friendship and mutual aid was signed in Moscow on 28 February 1921.[2] Since that time a new page has opened in the annals of the friendship and neighborliness of the two peoples. The Afghan newspaper DZHOMKHURIYAT in an article devoted to the 56th anniversary of the signing of the agreement noted: "For the past fifty-six years the Soviet Union and Afghanistan have shown to the whole world a fine and useful example of fruitful cooperation and mutual understanding between two neighboring countries with different social systems."[3]

Cultural ties between the USSR and Afghanistan began to be developed basically since 1956. In that year a group of Soviet artists appeared for the first time in Afghanistan, having gone on tour in conjunction with the International Industrial Exhibition held in Kabul. Since then, regular trips have been made by representatives of culture and the arts of the two friendly nations.

Representatives of the arts and culture of Soviet Tadzhikistan have made a significant contribution to the development and strengthening of the cultural cooperation of the Soviet Union and Afghanistan.

The first reciprocal visits of representatives of the arts of the Tadzhik SSR and Afghanistan were held in 1958. In February of that year a group of artists from Tadzhikistan arrived in Kabul to take part in the celebration of Independence day; their performance enjoyed considerable success. During their stay

in Afghanistan the artists gave 27 concerts, which were attended by 150,000 people. [5] In October of that same year the capital of Tadzhikistan received for the first time a group of Afghan artists led by the well-known singer Kh. Khayal. Upon the conclusion of the artistic tour across the Soviet Union Khayal stayed another month in Dushanbe, "To study the culture and especially the music of Tadzhikistan," [6] which permitted the Afghan artist to study the cultural life of Tadzhikistan in greater depth and to become acquainted with factors of its development.

Subsequently, reciprocal tours by Soviet and Afghan artists became a tradition.

It is appropriate to mention that as a result of the regular visits of artistic figures from Afghanistan to the USSR, and the subsequent expansion of cultural ties between these countries, the majority of the Afghan artistic figures became convinced of the superiority of the Soviet method of organizing work in cultural establishments. Therefore, they readily accepted this method in their activities, taking into consideration the national characteristics of Afghan art.

Until the end of the 1950's there was in general no professional theater in Afghanistan, although separate amateur groups were in existence. With the aim of creating a professional Afghan theater, specialists from America and West Germany were invited repeatedly; however, these attempts did not meet with success. Professionalization of the theater, as well as the other genres and aspects of Afghan art, became possible only after Soviet theatrical professionals were invited.

Producers of the Tadzhik Academic Theater imeni A. Lakhuti, M. Nazarov, Sh. Kiyamov, Kh. Rakhmatullaev and composer-director U. Mad'yarov; ballet master A. Azimov and other specialists from Soviet Tadzhikistan have rendered a great deal of assistance to the establishment and development of the national culture. A result of their fruitful work was the establishment of the Kabul dramatic theater, "Pukhani Nandari" as well as creation of the variety orchestra of Radio Afghanistan; arrangement and instrumentation of a large number of Afghan native songs and dances; and training of teachers at the Afghan National School of Music.

The work of the Tadzhik specialists received high marks from the Afghans; as a result and by request of the Afghans the term of the contracts of many of them was lengthened. The Afghan representatives spoke out in favor of broad development of cultural ties between Afghanistan and the USSR, and especially with Tadzhikistan. The prominent Afghan cultural official Muhammad Khokhuzhi, referring to the assistance of the Tadzhik specialists, said that, "The names of the Soviet specialists who were working in Afghanistan will be inscribed in golden letters in the history of the establishment of Afghan culture." [7]

The further development and strengthening of cultural ties between the USSR and Afghanistan also facilitates mutually beneficial contacts of Tadzhik and Afghan scholars, literary figures, artists, cinematographers, journalists, athletes and others.

Thus, since 1969 Soviet archeologists (including Tadzhiks) have been successfully cooperating with Afghan scientists, and have been taking part in archeological excavations in the north of Afghanistan. Scholars at the Institute of Language and Literature imeni A. Rudaki, Tadzhik SSR Academy of Sciences, prepared and published four anthologies on the creative activities of the Afghan people, based on materials from their own research. Research is being conducted on the history, economy and culture of Afghanistan at the Institute of Oriental Studies of the Tadzhik SSR Academy of Sciences.

Artists of Afghanistan and Tadzhikistan are making contact with one another successfully. In June 1975 an exhibition of fine arts of Tadzhikistan was shown in Kabul. At the exhibition 160 products of more than 60 masters of fine arts of the Tadzhik SSR were shown. The work of the Tadzhik artists stimulated great interest among art lovers: About 25,000 people visited the exhibition in only 15 days. In order to organize the exhibition and take part in its work a group of cultural officials from the Tadzhik SSR went to Afghanistan, including V. Sh. Sharipov (the leader of the group) and artists A. R. Rakhimov and S. U. Kurbanov. The Soviet artists also conducted a mutually-beneficial exchange of experiences with the Afghan artists, and conducted classes at the Kabul School of Fine Arts in the course of the week.

In May of 1976, master painters from Afghanistan paid a return visit to Dushanbe. The exhibition of fine arts of the Afghan artists which was opened during those days enjoyed great success among the citizens of the capital of Tadzhikistan.

The assistance rendered to Afghanistan in organizing its system of education to train skilled specialists for the developing national economy, science and culture is an important type of Soviet-Afghan cultural and scientific cooperation. Among the instructors at the Afghan VUZ's are numerous representatives from Soviet Tadzhikistan. For example, instructors from the Tadzhik State University imeni V. I. Lenin, candidates of physics and mathematical sciences F. Kh. Khakimov and A. Shokirov have been working at the Kabul Polytechnical Institute for two years. Their instructional and scientific activities have received high marks in Afghanistan.

Well-known scholars from Tadzhikistan are participating in training the national cadres of Afghanistan: Academician M. N. Narzikulov in 1973 taught a course on general biology and agricultural entomology for students at the Jalalabad Department of the University of Kabul; the lectures were read in the students' native language.

M. N. Narzikulov also conducted serious scientific research in Afghanistan. In the surrounding regions of Jalalabad, he gathered a collection of insects which was then presented to the Afghan teachers.

More than 1,500 young Afghans have completed their studies or are studying at the VUZ's of the Soviet Union, to include those in Tadzhikistan.[10] Thus, in the 1966-67 academic year special courses were organized for training Afghan specialists at the Tadzhik Agricultural Institute and at the Tadzhik State

University imeni V. I. Lenin. And in 1961-62 young Afghan cinema artists did their probationary work at the Tadzhikfil'm movie studio.[11]

Afghan specialist Said Yakub, who completed his studies in Tadzhikistan, stated: "For centuries a profound feeling of gratitude toward our Tadzhik neighbors has been held in our hearts for their unselfish assistance to us. We received excellent training in Tadzhikistan."[12]

Soviet-Afghan athletic contacts are growing every year; this is shown primarily in the exchange of delegations of soccer players, boxers, volleyball players, and coaches in the various kinds of sports.

An organized team of soccer players from Afghanistan visited Tadzhikistan for the first time in 1958, when the Afghan athletes became acquainted with the work of several athletic organizations in the republic, and held an unofficial match with the "Khosilot" team from Dushanbe. Since that time traditional unofficial matches have been held almost every year between the soccer teams of Tadzhikistan and Afghanistan. The "Pamir" team from Dushanbe is a regular participant of the annually-held international tourneys dedicated to Afghan Independence Day. In the summer of 1977, on the eve of the 4th anniversary of the establishment of the republican regime in Afghanistan, DZHOMKHURIYAT, reporting on the arrival of the "Pamir" soccer team at Kabul wrote that it "...had three times won the silver cup of the Republic of Afghanistan, which is the highest athletic award in the country."[13] The Dushanbe soccer players emerged victorious for the fourth time in the contests in Kabul and captured the prize of honor—the crystal vase.[14]

Matches between athletes of the Soviet Union and Afghanistan were held successfully in other types of sports as well.

Since 1960, Soviet coaches and instructors have been rendering assistance to Afghanistan in developing physical culture and sports. For example, Kh. Usmanov (Dushanbe) in 1975 and 1976 coached an Afghan boxing team, thereby rendering significant assistance toward increasing their skill at the sport.

Thus, Tadzhikistan, which made the enormous leap from backwardness to the summit of modern progress during the years of Soviet rule, is taking an active part in nearly all spheres of the cultural cooperation of the USSR and Afghanistan.

FOOTNOTES

1. See: Lenin, V. I., Complete Collection of Works, vol 42, p 132.

2. See: Dokumenty vneshney politiki SSSR [USSR Foreign Policy Documents], vol 3, Moscow, 1959, p 550.

3. DZHOMKHURIYAT, 1977, 28 February.

4. "Arkhiv Ministerstva kul'tury SSSR," f. 1, op. 19 p., d. 25, c. 1. ["Archive of the USSR Ministry of Culture," record 1, list 19 p (?), dossier (?) 25, p 1].

5. Ibid., dossier 68, p 1.

6. Ibid., p. 2.

7. Ibid, record 1, list 19, dossier 1175, pp 12, 14.

8. KOMMUNIST TADZHIKISTANA, 1975, 15 July; MAORIF VA MADANIYAT, 1976, 15 January.

9. Materials from the current archives of the Foreign Relations Administration, USSR Ministry of Culture, for 1975.

10. KOMMUNIST TADZHIKISTANA, 1975, 23 December.

11. "Arkhiv Ministerstva kul'tury SSSR," f. 1, op. 19 p., d. 203, c. 9. ["Archive of the USSR Ministry of Culture," record 1, list 19 p (?), dossier (?) 203, p. 9].

12. TOCHIKISTONI SOVETI, 1966, 6 February.

13. DZHUMHURIYAT, 1977, 17 July.

14. KOMMUNIST TADZHIKISTANA, 1977, 29 July.

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SOVIET GERMAN EMIGRATION RESTRICTED

Munich BAYERNKURIER in German 12 Apr 80 p 16

[Article by Dr Alfred Schickel: "People Striving to Maintain Their Heritage"]

[Text] Every time a load of German emigrants arrives in Friedland or at the camp in Nuernberg dozens of German families from Eastern Europe feel as if they have arrived at the goal of their many years of efforts: finally free and among their compatriots. Their faces mirror these happy expectations, especially those of the younger people. For them, arrival in the FRG is the first stop on the way to a totally new life, "the beginning of a second existence," so to say, as a young teacher from Transylvania once expressed her feeling.

But the older settlers often express the difficult question as to whether they will do all right in the coming years in their new home; in this uncommonly hectic activity and often very painfully touching loneliness. Often these people's thoughts return to Silesia, Pomerania, East Prussia, Transylvania, the Erzgebirge, the Ukraine or Belorussia where they lived up to now and where they left behind good neighbors and friends. Now and again they also ask about how their national counterparts are doing back home. For ultimately with each emigrant family, the number of Germans becomes smaller and this threatens their continuation as a people. In fact, the decree of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR of 28 August 1941 "On the Resettling of the Germans Living in the Rayon of the Volga Area" brought this national group to the verge of destruction. The collaboration with allegedly "thousands of traitors and spies," as was maintained, led to the deportation of over 900,000 Volga Germans in late 1941 from their previous homes in two successive stages and to their resettlement in the provinces of Novosibirsk and Omsk as well as in the Altai region, to Kasakhstan and to neighboring regions.

Driven Out of the Homeland

As Alfred Bohmann reported in his monograph on the "Structural Change of German Peoples Within the Soviet State and Administrative Areas" (Cologne, 1970), the same fate was experienced by the remaining ethnic Germans in the other Russian regions inhabited by Germans. The Germans in the Crimea,

in the eastern Black Sea region and in the northern and southern Caucasus mountain region were dragged to Siberia and to Soviet central Asia once the Germans retreated from Russia. As a result of this there were mass executions, debilitating starvation during transport and mass cases of frostbite in the new settlement areas. Modest estimates contend that close to 100,000 Russian-Germans died in this way in the winter of 1941/42. But it was not only the Soviet communists that drove out the Germans from their former homes; even German authorities resettled Russian-Germans who were not reached by the deportation commandos and transported them to Western regions. In this way, around 341,000 German-speaking people were evacuated from their previous settlements and brought to the West. Those who reached West Germany in this way were then called "administrative resettlers" in the FRG.

The discrimination expressed in the decree of the Supreme Soviet of 28 August 1941 was indeed lifted by the decree of 29 August 1964, but the restoration of the "Autonomous Socialist Soviet Republic of the Volga Germans" and the national "Rayon of Russian-Germans" were not decreed. As a result the Germans in the Soviet Union were denied complete rehabilitation as equal citizens. In the words of Alfred Bohmann, only a "new decision was made by which the return of all deported Russian-Germans to their old home regions was made impossible."

Since then nothing has changed. The Russian-Germans, comprising about 1.85 million people, are no longer subject to special limitation and are allowed to integrate themselves in the general population in their present home areas--except for renewed national self-organization. A few German-speaking newspapers such as NEUES LEBEN, ROTE FAHNE or FREUNDSCHAFT not only provide current information but also serve an important function in helping to teach the German language to ethnic Germans and to foreigners wanting to learn German. Yet there is no cultural magazine for the Germans living in the Soviet Union and it does not appear as if there will be one.

Instead the Moscow Radio daily beams 2 hours of German-speaking programs. For years the Alma Ata and Selinograd stations, both in Kasakhstan, have been transmitting German-speaking programs. The editor responsible for the "German hour" at "Alma Ata" Radio, Dietrich Friesen, a convinced communist--as are all Soviet functionaries--is also the school inspector for German instruction in that region. But apparently there is still a lot of room for improvement, for of the 1.85 million Russian-Germans only 75 percent say that German is their mother tongue, a situation which can also be observed among the emigrants, whose children often have difficulties with the German language and who often resort to the dialect of their parents and do not master high German.

Almost without exception, these language difficulties are experienced among young emigrants from Silesia, Pomerania, West and East Prussia, as well as from parts of Czechoslovakia and Romania, where the German minority receives no German language training in their courses, and are not permitted to attend their own German schools. German is only offered as another

"foreign language" in the school curricula of these countries, and only at the intermediate and higher levels, at grades only a small percentage of German children achieve. It is not that these German pupils lack talent and ability for promotion to higher grades, but rather they have such difficulty with the foreign language instruction, that is understanding and learning in the non-German languages, in Polish, Czech, Romanian or Russian, that they very rarely get good grades resulting in above-average school achievement.

The German-speaking newspaper NEUES LEBEN very clearly expressed the problem in an article on the education level of the Russian-Germans, when it found: "But the desire to study is not sufficient; the child must have good grades to be able to keep on learning," to continue:"...here one can clearly see the influence of education--despite the large numbers of mechanics and farmers, the Soviet German rarely manages to become an agriculture of engineering expert."

This occupational disadvantage and limitation also penetrated the realm of representation of Russian-Germans in the Parliament in Moscow. There are two Germans among the 1,517 deputies of the Supreme Soviet. Both are women. One is a milk maid and the other a tractor driver, so they are not representatives of outstanding careers. And this is not because these representatives are women--as is known, complete equality between men and women has been largely implemented in the Soviet Union--but rather because the education and training level of the Russian-Germans is below that of the native Russian population due to a lack of a German school system. This unfavorable situation is now much different for the Soviet Germans in European Russia than it is for the Siberian Germans. This was also not markedly affected by the "Ordinance on Instruction in the Native Language for Children and Adults of German Nationality" which was already decreed in April 1957 in the "Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic" (RSFSR), since the Germans cannot establish their own administrative rayon anywhere. This means that they cannot have their own school system and therefore are totally dependent upon the benevolence of the existing school authorities. And they very often do not comprehend the cultural needs of the German minority or else they have neither the suitable space nor the trained teachers for school instruction in German.

In those areas where German instruction is doing better, such as in the Union Republics of Kasakhstan, Tadzhikistan and the Kirghiz SSR, the argument for its necessity is often formulated as a contribution whereby "Soviet children learn to love and value their native language as the language of Marx and Engels, of Goethe and Schiller, of Thaelmann and Pieck." That is, these efforts are not determined by a respect for the desire to maintain a people's culture but rather by a Marxist view of history and culture.

Therefore, in the interest of their children, their own personal and occupational advancement--and also often because of their religious convictions--many Russian-Germans strive to emigrate to the FRG. Widespread reports indicate that close to 100,000 applications by Soviet Germans wanting

to emigrate have been submitted to the German Red Cross. At least 10,000 of them have supposedly submitted an application to emigrate to the Russian authorities. Forty-eight percent of the emigrants arriving in the FRG said that their relatives or friends would also resettle in the West if they received a permit to do so. It does not matter whether these figures are correct or overestimated. The fact is that the situation of the Russian-Germans is anything but satisfactory; otherwise there would not be a situation where 50 percent more people would want to come to the FRG than are allowed in annually, whereby in 1979 the quota for 1978 was not even met when a total of 8,455 Germans were allowed to leave the USSR for resettlement.

Time Is Short

Given the situation as it is at the beginning of the eighties, there are not many prospects for an increase in the rate of Russian-Germans wanting to leave or for a reduction in the time it takes to obtain an emigration permit. Moscow's restrictive conduct concerning the emigration of Soviet Germans broadly affects the native German population in the USSR. Their ethnic and cultural survival is more and more becoming a question of time in view of the scattering of Russian-Germans, their inadequate language training in schools and the dying out of the older generations; the problem becomes more urgent the more the village structures disintegrate as a result of industrialization and ethnic assimilation continues with urbanization.

This development can ultimately only be countered by the creation and recognition of an internationally safeguarded right for minorities and native populations in which the cultural, ethnic and administrative requirements of national minorities are given just consideration. The examples of the "Moravian Compromise" of 1905, just like the Autonomy Statute and the Agreement of the South Tirol "Package" have shown that this path can be taken to regulate the coexistence of national majorities and ethnic minorities. There may even be a great deal of room for improvement of these but for the German minorities in the East it would provide a considerable solution.

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PUBLISHING IN THE UZBEKISTAN SSR

Tashkent OZBEKISTAN MADANIYATI in Uzbek 22 Apr 80 p 4

[Article by Z. Esenbayev, Chairman of the Uzbekistan SSR State Committee for Publishing House, Printing Office and Book Trade Operations: "A Display of Skill"]

[Text] Tomorrow the 16th Interrepublic Competition for Books, Newspapers, Periodicals and Posters, recently published in the Central Asian republics and Kazakhstan, will open in Tashkent. In connection with the competition, publishers and printers of Soviet Uzbekistan will welcome representatives from Moscow and fraternal republics, namely Kazakhstan, Kirghizistan, Tadzhikistan and Turkmenistan, with great joy and hospitality. Books, newspapers and periodicals, and poster samples produced during 1979 will be examined at the competition. This 16th competition continues a tradition, and it is expected that it will be, without doubt, a major event in the cultural life of Uzbekistan, an important new stage in the life of publishers in the Central Asian republics and Kazakhstan, a major advance towards further improvement of artistic embellishment and printing standards of published literature, and greatly aid in the further strengthening of the mutual enrichment and friendship of the peoples.

The controlling role exercised in connection with this, by the state committees for publishing house, printing office and book trade operations, and, likewise, publishing house, printing office and book trade organizations, scientific and technical associations, and the republic governments of Uzbekistan, Kazakhstan, Kirghizistan, Tadzhikistan and Turkmenistan, and the importance of this controlling role have been extremely great. These bodies, adhering to a tradition that is highly useful for the present day, have expanded, from year to year, the assortment of publications advanced for the competition by the republics, have improved their exterior appearances, and have improved quality and artistic and technical ornamentation, and likewise raised the standards of the typography. That books from Uzbekistan were judged best in terms of content, artistic embellishment and typography standards by the Soviet and foreign spectators at the 2nd Moscow International Book Exhibition and Fair demonstrates this. At the All-Union and 15th Interrepublic Competition held

under the slogan, "the book art," Uzbek books were awarded 44 certificates. But this is not to say that we should be content, qualitatively, with the typographic standards of Uzbek books. Much work is being done in this area and still more work must be done.

The workers of Soviet Uzbekistan are greeting the 110th anniversary of the birth of V. I. Lenin, the founder of the Communist Party and of the first socialist state in the world as a great, truly popular holiday. The multi-national collectives of Uzbekistan republic workers are putting into effect with complete trust the historic resolutions of the 25th CPSU Congress and those of the CPSU Central Committee of November 1979.

Publishers, printers and book distributors, like all the other workers of Uzbekistan, have overfulfilled all requirements of the 1st quarter plan under conditions of great political motivation and labor activism. The plan for total output of printed materials was overfulfilled by 103.4 percent, and in terms of publications within this total, or to be more specific, in terms of titles, the plan was overfulfilled by 116.8 percent; for volume by 103.2 percent; for circulation by 117.1 percent; for publications lists by 105.2 percent; and for printed materials lists by 103.6 percent. Printing industry plants achieved the realization plan with 102.6 percent; the Uzbekistan Book Trade Association achieved the retail turnover plan with 101.6 percent and, of this total, the plan for books with 101.6 percent.

The publishers of Uzbekistan are greeting the 110th anniversary of the birth of V. I. Lenin with the printing and publication of the 49 volumes of his "Collected Works" and, likewise, 32 titles and brochures detailing how the ideas of Lenin are being put into practice in Uzbekistan, and the way in which the workers of the Uzbekistan republic are carrying out the resolutions of the 25th CPSU Congress and the 10th Five-Year-Plan.

"Books are a great force," said V. I. Lenin. Just this force can aid the Uzbek people very greatly in achieving the goals of the 10th Five-Year-Plan in unity with the peoples of our multi-national nation, in every sector of communist construction. Prior to the victory of the Great October Socialist Revolution only about 60 books were published each year in Turkistan, and printings did not exceed a level of 118,000. During the years of Soviet rule publishing activities have attained unheard of heights. At the present time the publishers and printers of Uzbekistan produce books and brochures at a level of about 40,000,000, with more than 2,000 titles a year. Published each year in the Uzbekistan republic are 273 newspapers, 83 periodicals, bulletins, news and regular collections, and other printed publications. Their total printings exceed 10,000,000. Operating in the Uzbekistan republic are 8 publishing houses, the Chief Editorial Office of the Uzbek Soviet Encyclopaedia, 3 branches of the Central Publishing House, more than 150 printing offices and plants, more than 600 book stores, almost 2,200 book kiosks, more than 14,000 libraries, and 14 library distribution centers.

Within the family of fraternal republics of the Soviet Union, Soviet Uzbekistan ranks third, after the RSFSR and the Ukrainian SSR, in book publication. But the books published by Uzbekistan publishing houses are not just in great demand within the Uzbekistan republic, but also outside the republic as well. Letters asking for aid in purchasing the works of Uzbek authors arrive uninterruptedly at the mail order store in Tashkent. At present more than 100 book companies of 43 countries of the world order books from the Uzbekistan republic.

The modern Uzbekistan republic is a republic of book lovers. In the Uzbekistan republic books are in wide use in each household and in each family. They play an important role in the life of Soviet citizens, in their ideological and cultural development, in their attaining the highest scientific and cultural peaks, and in the education of workers in an internationalist spirit.

We, as before, are regarding propagandization of the theoretical legacy of Marxism-Leninism during the 10th Five-Year-Plan as of the utmost importance. Very recently the three volumes of K. Marx's "Kapital" and the two volumes of the work by K. Marx and F. Engels called "On Art" have been published in Uzbek. The completion of the publication of the 55-volume "Collected Works of V. I. Lenin" this year is a major event in the political and cultural life of Uzbekistan. The materials of the CPSU Congress and the party central committee and the works of Comrade L. I. Brezhnev and other leaders of the party and the government are being published for mass circulation.

The final 14th volume of the Uzbek Soviet Encyclopaedia has been delivered to readers this year. A large volume entitled "The Uzbekistan SSR" is being prepared for publication in the Russian language.

Publishers of the Uzbekistan republic are publishing 55 books and brochures on the occasion of the 1,000th anniversary of the birth of the great scientist Avincena. Among them is a major work entitled "The Laws of Medicine" of Avincena, published in Uzbek and Russian.

The Uzbekistan republic has presented 40 books, 8 periodicals and 20 newspapers and posters for the present competition. There are a large number of books and periodicals from Kazakhstan, Kirghizistan, Tadzhikistan and Turkmenistan publishers and printers. The samples of printed materials sent to the competition are indicative of the great progress that has been achieved in the area of efforts to develop book publishing in the central Asian republics and Kazakhstan, and indicative of the florescence in every area of the economies, sciences and cultures of the republics.

The 16th Interrepublic Competition is a display of the achievements peculiar to publishers and printers, of their skill, their creative successes and goals. It will grant the opportunity to reflect collectively on new problems and goals lying before these publishers and printers just at the present time, and new requirements placing demands upon their skills and creativity.

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SELECTIVE LIST OF JPRS SERIAL REPORTS

USSR SERIAL REPORTS (GENERAL)

USSR REPORT: Agriculture
USSR REPORT: Economic Affairs
USSR REPORT: Construction and Equipment
USSR REPORT: Military Affairs
USSR REPORT: Political and Sociological Affairs
USSR REPORT: Energy
USSR REPORT: International Economic Relations
USSR REPORT: Consumer Goods and Domestic Trade
USSR REPORT: Human Resources
USSR REPORT: Transportation
USSR REPORT: Translations from KOMMUNIST*
USSR REPORT: PROBLEMS OF THE FAR EAST*
USSR REPORT: SOCIOLOGICAL STUDIES*
USSR REPORT: USA: ECONOMICS, POLITICS, IDEOLOGY*

USSR SERIAL REPORTS (SCIENTIFIC AND TECHNICAL)

USSR REPORT: Life Sciences: Biomedical and Behavioral Sciences
USSR REPORT: Life Sciences: Effects of Nonionizing Electromagnetic Radiation
USSR REPORT: Life Sciences: Agrotechnology and Food Resources
USSR REPORT: Chemistry
USSR REPORT: Cybernetics, Computers and Automation Technology
USSR REPORT: Electronics and Electrical Engineering
USSR REPORT: Engineering and Equipment
USSR REPORT: Earth Sciences
USSR REPORT: Space
USSR REPORT: Materials Science and Metallurgy
USSR REPORT: Physics and Mathematics
USSR REPORT: SPACE BIOLOGY AND AEROSPACE MEDICINE*

WORLDWIDE SERIAL REPORTS

WORLDWIDE REPORT: Environmental Quality
WORLDWIDE REPORT: Epidemiology
WORLDWIDE REPORT: Law of the Sea
WORLDWIDE REPORT: Nuclear Development and Proliferation
WORLDWIDE REPORT: Telecommunications Policy, Research and Development

*Cover-to-cover

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